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Standard Patterns

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OUR WATER SYSTEM

Entirely Inadequate for the Needs of
Sierra Madre, with Pipes
Old and Rotten

Not that it is news to most of our readers, but to again remind our people that the fire in the mountains, the conservation of our water supply and the annual rainfall are not the only items regarding our water supply that we need to worry about, for what use would be an abundance of water if we lacked the means for its delivery?

The water pipes now in use were installed so long ago that some of them have entirely rusted away and have been replaced with patch-work connections, and no one knows at how many places or where the original pipes may succumb to old age. Repairs are very difficult because usually there is not enough good solid pipe left on which to cut threads for a new connection.

Besides this rotten and worn-out condition, the entire system is practically unchanged from what it was when a few fruit growers laid a few mains to bring water to their orchards.

The formation of a town growing into a small city has tapped into these mains at various places to secure the growing water needs from year to year, and the same old mains are still doing service, with the water department and informed citizens holding their breath and hoping they will not all give way at once, like the deacon's one-horse shay.

This condition must be remedied some time and should be remedied at once. Some board of City Trustees must shoulder the responsibility of the expense and the News believes the present one will have the courage to do so.

We do not think a single voter will question the need, therefore why should we put off the evil moment until a serious break in our water mains may cause vegetation to die and domestic water to be carried in buckets and barrels while a frantic effort is being made to secure money to make replacements in the pipe lines.

The remedy is a bond issue now. It's got to come soon anyway, but let's get the money now and make the necessary changes and replacements before the whole system breaks down.

WILL HOLD BAZAAR

For two days beginning November 20th, a bazaar will be held at the Woman's Club House under the auspices of the Woman's Guild of the Church of the Ascension.

There will be booths with plain and fancy articles for sale and home-made candy and cooked foods, also something to amuse the children.

Dinner will be served each evening at 75 cents per plate, and will be prepared by Mrs. Turner, cateress from Pasadena.

A short play entitled "Untangling Tony" will be given under the direction of Miss Helen Williams, the cast of characters to be published later.

RED CROSS MEETING

The large audience that attended the free picture show at the Woman's Club House was composed mostly of children and young people, but all enjoyed the war pictures and the address delivered by C. W. Jones.

This meeting was the first gun in the campaign for Red Cross membership which will take place next month

all over the United States, and because the speakers who were to have attended failed to materialize the entire program fell upon the shoulders of the president of the local Red Cross, Mr. C. W. Jones, who explained the purpose of the coming drive.

It is hoped that more interest will be shown by the adult public in the future and that all will do their bit in making the membership drive the success that it should be.

THE MEMORIAL CONCERT

The Woman's Club, through its various committees, is hard at work to make the concert to be given Monday evening, October 27th, a complete success and one of the best professional entertainments ever given in Sierra Madre.

They are now negotiating with additional talent and expect to announce a surprise program in a few days. Handbills and the News next week will give complete details.

The proceeds of this concert will be applied to our service men's memorial fund and probably will be used in the publication of a souvenir booklet containing the picture and a short biographical sketch of each Sierra Madre service man. Make your plans to attend. Tickets only 50c.

CITY ENGINEER WILL ATTEND CONVENTION

City Engineer Mackerras and City Attorney Baker will attend the convention of the League of California Municipalities at Riverside next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. Baker is on the program for Tuesday afternoon, when he will read a paper on "The Cities' Part in Reducing the High Cost of Living."

This is the twenty-first convention of the league and many benefits have been and will be derived by the discussion of municipal problems, and the interchanging of experiences and views on city governments.

VICTORY FIESTA AT PUENTE NOVEMBER 11

Puente is planning a full day and evening of entertainment on Armistice Day, Tuesday, November 11, which will be a welcome home to the 105 soldiers, sailors and marines that went into service from the valley. The occasion will also be that of a reunion of pioneers, a products exhibit, embracing the acreage of La Puente Valley and surrounding territory and a tractor and power farming demonstration.

An invitation to Sierra Madre and to the Sierra Madre Board of Trade is extended by the Puente committee.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Morrison of 247 N. Baldwin Ave., entertained with a dinner party on Oct. 5th in honor of the birthdays of Masters James Haymes and Walter Voris. The table decorations were pink roses and ferns. Guests included: Mr. and Mrs. Claude Voris and son, and Mrs. Ridings of Van Nuys, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Haymes and son and Mr. W. W. Haymes of Los Angeles.

ANOTHER DOG POISONED

Mr. Greer Caskey had a valuable airedale dog poisoned recently. The dog was confined in an enclosure on Mr. Caskey's premises, and it is believed the poisoner threw the substance.

REFORESTATION NEEDED

Increased Appropriations for Tree Planting and Good Roads Urged by Congressman Randall

Congressman Randall, who is urging prompt action toward replanting the burned-over areas in the mountains, has been assured by the United States Forest Service that immediate steps will be taken in this direction.

Mr. Randall's letter to this Bureau of the government, written under date of October 3, is as follows:

"In connection with the pressing necessity of increased appropriations for construction of roads in order that fire fighters may in the future reach the fires in time to be of effective service, I wish to impress upon your service the vital necessity of providing very quickly for a comprehensive system of reforestation of the denuded areas.

"The prosperity and the very life of the rich Southern California territory under the slopes of the Sierra Madre ranges are dependent upon the conservation and storage of moisture in the mountains, for the long dry seasons.

"My information is that 135,000 acres have been stripped of every living thing. The immediate problem for you is to start new growth upon these blackened slopes, with but little intervening time devoted to unwinding red tape.

"In this connection may I venture to suggest that the aeroplane be utilized in order to quickly scatter thousands upon thousands of pounds of suitable tree seeds over these ranges? While planting tree seeds in this manner, would it also be advisable to scatter a cover crop of some sort of grass or clover which will help to shade the young trees while they are getting a start?

"That the reforestation of the whole Sierra Madre mountains is feasible, I have no doubt. At Hennessey's Flats, half way up the Mt. Wilson trail, there is a convincing demonstration that a new forest can be grown on these mountains. The late T. P. Lukens of Pasadena, who was a widely known authority on these subjects, has there a monument to his wisdom, in a splendid forest growth,

planted under the most difficult locations to secure success. I commend to you an inspection of the work which he did there."

PASADENA FLOWER SHOW

The twelfth annual Flower Show of the Pasadena Horticultural Association will be held at the Hotel Green next week, beginning on the twenty-third and closing on the evening of the twenty-fifth.

Flowers are being entered from all over Southern California and are more beautiful this year than ever before.

W. W. Felgate of this place has served as president of this association for two years and has a great many entries in from his own place.

All entries must be made by Monday, Oct. 20th.

LEAVE FOR THE EAST

Lieut. and Mrs. Chas. Schwartz and his brother William left here Wednesday to make their home in Philadelphia where both young men have accepted positions in a large steel manufacturing plant, operated by an uncle of the boys.

Lieut. Schwartz will proceed to Camp Dix where he will receive his discharge from the aviation branch of the service, with which he has been connected since the war.

This trio are leaving with the regrets of their many friends in the younger social set, among whom they were well known and popular.

BUSINESS MAN LEAVES TOWN

H. A. Binford has purchased the bakery and lunch room business of Mrs. R. Seeger at Lamanda Park, and will take possession this week. Mr. Binford has been in a similar business here for a number of years. The News regrets to lose this good family but wishes them prosperity in their new field.

CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY

Last Thursday evening E. J. Webster entertained a number of friends with a dinner at his home on East Alegria in celebration of his birthday. Guests were Miss Thomasella Graham, Miss Ida Munsell and Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin of Pasadena.

GAS HEATERS

"Packers Duo Bunsen"

A shipment of these celebrated Gas Heaters just received. By a clever arrangement of the mixer and the radiation, this stove burns 90 per cent air, therefore your gas expense will be greatly reduced. They are very substantial, with asbestos back lining and sell for about half the price asked for other kinds of the same capacity.

Small size, only \$8.75
Medium size, only 11.00
Large size, only 13.50

We have only a limited number and they won't last long. Call and see for yourself.

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BOND ISSUE NEEDED

Sierra Madre Must Keep Pace With Progress; New Paving and Water System Repairs

Crowds are pouring into California from the east looking for homes and investments. Every week numbers of them come to Sierra Madre, look the ground over, enthuse about our scenery and climate, ask a few questions about local conditions, and bump over our bumpy streets—out of town.

Sierra Madre has many natural advantages over other Southern California localities and if we could answer the street and water questions satisfactorily our population might be doubled.

If the city's business was your private business what would you do? If you owned the town and were running it as a private institution would you let it decline peacefully into rot and decay? or would you fix it up, make it attractive to home-seekers, invite them in and let their money pay part of the debt you created in the improvements that decided them to locate here?

This question is not a theory or a vision, it's a fact, and it confronts us now. We must have money and the only way to get it is by a bond issue. The News would like to publish opinions on this most important subject, and will welcome communications from either side of the question.

STORY BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

"New Wine in Old Bottles"

That is the way one reviewer sums up that delightful story of a quest for millions in gold doubloons left in the West Indies by buccaneers, recorded in the new serial about to appear in this paper.

Pieces of Eight

By Richard Le Gallienne

The lure of buried treasure is perennial. Add mysterious caves, pirates, ruins, a sea-swept island, moonlight on the water and the attending dangers, and it sounds like "Treasure Island." If you have ever heard that impelling call of adventure you can't resist this story.

Keep your eyes open for the first installment!

STORY BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

PARENT-TEACHERS ASS'N.

The Parent-Teachers Association held its initial meeting of the year on Wednesday, Oct. 15th, at 3 o'clock at the Kindergarten building. The vice president, Mrs. W. S. Hull, presided.

All the mothers and friends of the school were invited and it afforded an excellent opportunity to renew old acquaintances and to make new ones among the several new teachers and new families. A short musical program was enjoyed.

Punch and wafers were served by the hostesses, Meses. Hull, Oswald and Bodine.

INCOMPARABLE SIERRA MADRE.

In a letter received from Mrs. Camille Norbie at present in Stockton but intending to return to Sierra Madre, she says: "I want to tell you that in all the towns I have visited, none can compare with Sierra Madre. I have not seen a mountain since I left; nothing but flat ground and level country. I did not think I would miss the mountains so much and in all my travels thruout California none can compare with the beauty and healthy climate of dear old Sierra Madre. When I won't be so busy I may write of my experiences and trials since I left and how I do long for a drink of that good water we have in that mountain home."

ACCIDENT ON SIERRA MADRE CAR LINE

Mrs. C. E. Cook, Miss Gertrude Cook, Mrs. H. E. C. Webb and several other passengers were the victims of a street car accident on Saturday, when the 12:16 p.m. south-bound car from this place had a collision with an Alhambra car at the Indian Village.

From the statements of those on the Sierra Madre car, which was proceeding at the usual rate of speed, approached this section, the Alhambra car swung in from the west-bound track to the south-bound main line track over which the Sierra Madre car was traveling. The motorman of the Sierra Madre car shut off the power and applied his brakes but was unable to slow down quickly enough and crashed into the rear end of the Alhambra car. Just before the crash the motorman jumped back and avoided being seriously injured or killed.

Mrs. Cook, who occupied the second seat on the front open section, was thrown from her seat and sustained painful injuries, having three of her ribs and several vertebra misplaced, besides other bruises about her body.

Miss Gertrude Cook sustained minor bruises and suffered from shock.

Mrs. Webb escaped with a slight injury on the neck, and other passengers received a severe shaking up and slight strains.

Upon arriving in Los Angeles, Mrs. Cook was removed to the Emergency Hospital and later brought to her home where she is doing nicely.

She was cared for by Dr. J. E. Fairbank, formerly of this place.

DEAN SHAW RETURNS.

Rev. William Carson Shaw arrived home from the east on Tuesday evening after a month's absence, having left to attend the Bishops' Bi-annual Convention of the Episcopal Church, which was held at Detroit, Mich., last month.

Ancient Queens

With all their fabled wealth, never had more than is here for your selection and within your reach in price.

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NO REFUGE IN BANKRUPTCY

In Olden Times Severe Penalties Were Meted Out to Men Unable to Pay Their Debts.

A curious custom was prevalent in France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Anyone who found it necessary to liquidate his affairs was obliged to wear a green cap—a humiliation to himself and a warning to others.

Those who made a hobby of getting rid of their indebtedness by way of the bankruptcy court should at all costs steer clear of China. Bankruptcies are almost unknown in that country, as they entail immediate execution.

A similar drastic punishment used to be meted out to delinquent in Japan.

To come nearer home, one need only go back to a little before the Act of Union to find that debtors in Scotland were obliged to wear garments of diverse colors, a suit of gray and yellow being the most common.

In Slam, a man unable to meet his liabilities was put in chains and compelled to work as a slave for his creditor. Should he escape, his wife, children, father or other relative were seized in his stead.

At one time bankrupts were considered criminal offenders even in England. As a matter of fact, certain cases of fraudulent bankruptcy have incurred the death penalty in this country. Any concealment of books or the secreting of property by a debtor was so punished. Under this law a man called John Perrot was hanged in 1781.—London Tit-Bits.

FOR SALE—We have in this vicinity a high-grade piano, also latest model player-piano, used but in perfect condition, practically new, which we will sell at an attractive figure and on practically their own terms, to responsible parties, rather than ship back. Write today to Consolidated Music Co., 13 to 19 East First South St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Lord John Russell.

During the years of my uncle's retirement I was much more in his company than had been possible when I was a schoolboy and he was foreign secretary or prime minister. Pembroke lodge became to me a second home; and I have no happier memory than of hours spent there by the side of one who had played ball, trap and ball with Charles Fox; had been traveling companion of Lord Holland; had corresponded with Tom Moore, debated with Francis Jeffrey, and dined with Doctor Parr; had visited Melrose abbey in the company of Sir Walter Scott, and criticized the acting of Mrs. Siddons; had conversed with Napoleon in his seclusion at Elba, and had ridden with the duke of Wellington along the lines of Torres Vedras.—G. W. E. Russell.

Almost Universal Symbol.

The swastika symbol has been found depicted on tombs at Hissarlik, near ancient Troy; on Buddhist inscriptions in India, in Etruscan necropolises, on coins of Gaza and Corinth; on rock carvings in Sweden, and on Celtic stones in Britain. In America in pre-Columbian times, it was in common use by the aborigines.

Penon de Coron.

Few persons besides Chinese traders visit the forbidding shores of rock-bound Penon de Coron. The rugged beauty of its towering cliffs, with their dark and jagged outlines against the southern sky, is lost upon the natives, who see them only as a source of revenue. By swinging from ropes or climbing ladders they scour these rocks for the tiny nests from which are conceived the famous bird nest soup. These nests they sell to oriental traders by thousands, who come regularly to harbor for this delicacy of Chinese fare.

WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XXXII—Continued.

Haines was evidently reluctant, but sailor enough to follow as I lowered myself to the deck, clinging hard to keep my footing on the wet incline. A light spar had lodged here, and by making this a species of bridge, we crept as far as the companion, the door of which was open, and gained a view of the scene below. It was a dismal hole in the dim light, but presented no obstacle to our entrance, and I led the way down the stairs, gripping the rail to keep from falling.

The door of the captain's room gave, but it required our combined efforts to press it open against the volume of water, slushing about within. For a moment my eyes could scarcely recognize the various objects as I clung to the frame of the door and stared blindly about in the gloom. Then slowly they assumed shape and substance. Screwed to the deck, the furniture retained its place, but everything else was jammed in a mass of wreckage, or else floating about in a foot of water, deepening toward the stern. There were two chests in the room, one of which I instantly recognized as that of Roger Fairfax. The sight of this made me oblivious to all else.

"There's the chest we want, Haines," I cried, pointing it out. "Have the lads back the boat up to this port; then come down and help me handle it."

"Yes, sir," his voice trembling, "but isn't that a man over there—in the bunk? Good God, sir; look at him!"

The white, ghastly face stared at us, looking like nothing human in that awful twilight. I actually thought it a ghost, until with desperate effort the man lifted himself, clinging with gaunt fingers to the edge of the bunk. Then I knew.

"Sanchez! You! those cowards left you here to die!"

"No one came for me," he answered, choking so the words were scarcely intelligible. "Who are you, and what brought you here?"

"I'll tell you frankly, Captain Sanchez," and I stepped closer. "We risked coming aboard to save that chest—Roger Fairfax's chest—before it went down. This vessel has its back broken, and may slide off into deep water at any minute. We must get you out of here first."

"Get me out?" he laughed hideously. "To hell with your help. I want none of it. I am a dead man now, and the easiest way to end all will be to go down with the ship—'twill be a fit coffin for Black Sanchez. By God! I know you now—Geoffrey Carlyle!"

"Yes, but an enemy no longer."

"That is for me to say. I hate your race, your breed. The very sound of your name drives me mad. I accept no rescue from you! Damn you, take your gold and go."

"But why?" I insisted, shocked at the man's violence. "Is it because I interfered between you and Dorothy Fairfax?"

"That chit; bah, what do I care for her but as a plaything. No, my hate runs deeper than that. How came you here—in the boat stolen from the Namur?"

"No, Captain Sanchez. The day after we left the ship we boarded a schooner found adrift, the crew stricken with cholera, with not a man left alive on deck, or below. She lies yonder now, the Santa Marie—a slaver."

"Merciful God!" and his eyes fairly blazed into mine as he suddenly forced his body upward in the bunk. "The Santa Marie adrift! the crew dead from cholera? And the captain—Paradilla, Francis Paradilla—what of him?"

"He lay alone on a divan in the cabin—dead also."

He tried to speak, but failed, his fingers clawing at his throat. When he finally gained utterance once more it was but a whisper.

"Tell me," he begged, "there was no woman with him?"

"There was no woman," I said gravely, "on deck or in the cabin."

"What mean you by saying that? There was one on board! Don't lie to me! In an hour I am dead—but first tell me the truth. Does the woman live?"

"No, she died before. We found her body in a chest, preserved by some devilish Indian art, richly dressed and decked with jewels."

"English?"

"I judged her so, but with dark hair and eyes. You knew her?"

"In the name of all the fiends, yes. And I know her end. He killed her—Paradilla killed her—because she was false to him as she had been to me. Hell! but it is strange you should be the one to find her—to bring me this tale, Geoffrey Carlyle!"

"Why? What is it to me?"

"You go back to England and tell the tale of Backlough how his precious sister died!"

"His sister! Good God, you cannot mean that woman was Lady Sara Carlyle?"

"Who should know better than I?" sneeringly. "Once I was called in England Sir John Collinswood."

He sank back exhausted, struggling for breath, but with eyes glowing

hated. I knew it all now, the dimly remembered story coming vividly back to memory. Here then was the ending of the one black stain on the family honor of our race. On this strange coast, three thousand miles from its beginning, the final curtain was being rung down, the drama finished. The story had come to me in whispers from others, never even spoken about by those of our race—a wild, headstrong girl, a secret marriage, a duel in the park, her brother desperately wounded, and then the disappearance of the pair. Ten days later it was known that Sir John Collinswood had defaulted in a large sum—but from that hour England knew him no more. As though the sea had swallowed them both, man and woman disappeared, leaving no trace behind.

The face I gazed dumbly into was drawn and white with pain, yet the thin lips grinned back at me in savage derision.

"You remember, I see," he snarled. "Then out of here, Geoffrey Carlyle. Leave me to die in peace. The gold is there; take it, and my curse upon it. Hurry now—do you hear the bark grate on the rocks; it's near the end."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Before the Governor.

The sound startled me; I imagined I heard the keel slipping, yet before we had reached the door opening on deck the slight movement ceased. My hand gripped the frightened Haines.

"Tell them in the boat to do as I said; then come back here."

"My God, sir, she's a goin' down."

"Not for some minutes yet. There are thousands of pounds in that chest; you've risked life for less many a time. Jump, my man!"

The boat lay in close, bobbing up and down dangerously, yet held firmly beneath the opened port. The box was heavy enough to tax the strength of two men to handle it, but of a size and shape permitting its passage. Sanchez had raised himself again, and clung there to the edge of the bunk watching us.

"Now let down easy, lads," I called. "No, place it amidships; get it even, or you go over. Fix it to ride steady, and stand by—we'll pass a wounded man out to you!"

I stepped across to Sanchez. He saw me coming, and drew back, his ghastly face like a mask.

"No you don't, Carlyle!" he snapped angrily. "Keep your hands off me. So you want me to die with my neck in a noose, do you? I was born a gentleman, and by God! I'll die like one—and go down with my ship. Get out of here now! You won't? You will, or else die here with me! I'll give you a minute to make your choice."

He left no doubt as to his meaning. From beneath the blanket, the black muzzle of a pistol looked straight into my eyes. The hand holding it was firm, the face fronting me savagely sardonic.

"I'd like to kill you, Carlyle," he hissed hatefully. "By God, I don't know why I shouldn't. Every time I look at you I see her face. If you take a step nearer I pull the trigger—go!"

It was a hard pull back to the Santa Marie. Dorothy greeted me first, and we stood close together at the rail as the men hoisted the chest on deck. She said nothing, asked nothing, but her hands clung to my arm, and whenever I turned toward her eyes met.

There was a sudden cry forward, and a voice shouted:

"There she goes, buccies! That's the last o' the Namur!"

I turned swiftly, my hand grasping her fingers as they clung to the rail. The battered bulk slid downward, the deck breaking amidships as the stern splashed into the depths; then that also toppled over, leaving nothing above water except the blunt end of a broken bowsprit, and a tangle of wreckage tossed about on the crest of the waves. I watched breathlessly, unable to utter a sound; I could only think of that stricken man in the cabin, those wild eyes which had threatened me. He was gone now—gone!

I yet held Dorothy's hand tightly clasped in my own, and the depths of her uplifted eyes questioned me.

"We will go aft, dear, and I will tell you the whole story," I said gently, "for now we are homeward bound."

I write these few closing lines a year later in the cabin of the Ocean Spray, a three master, full to the hatches with a cargo of tobacco, bound for London, and a market. Dorothy is on deck, eagerly watching for the first glimpse of the chalk cliffs of old England. I must join her presently, yet linger below to add these final sentences.

There is, after all, little which needs to be said. The voyage of the Santa Marie north proved uneventful, and, after that first night of storm, the weather held pleasant and the sea fairly smooth. I had some trouble with the men, but nothing serious, as Watkins and Haines held as I did, and the pledge of Dorothy's influence brought courage. I refused to open the chest, believing our safety, and chance of pardon, would depend largely on our

handing this over in good faith to the authorities. Watkins and I guarded it night and day until the schooner rounded the cape and came into the Chesapeake. No attempt was made to find quarters below, the entire crew sleeping on deck, Dorothy comfortable on the flag locker.

It was scarcely sunrise, on the fifth day, when we dropped anchor against the current of the James, our sails furled and the red English colors flying from the peak. Two hours later the entire company were in the presence of the governor, where I told my story, gravely listened to, supplemented by the earnest plea of the young woman. I shall never forget that scene, or how breathlessly we awaited the decision of the great man, who so closely watched our faces. They were surely a strange, rough group as they stood thus, hand in hand, waiting to learn their fate, shaggy-haired, unshaven, largely scum of the sea, never before in such presence, shuffling uneasily before his glance, feeling to the full the peril of their position. Their eyes turned to me questioningly.

Opposite us, behind a long table, sat the governor, dignified, austere, his hair powdered and face smoothly shaven; while on either side of him were those of his council, many of the faces stern and unforgiving. But for their gracious reception of Dorothy and their careful attention to her words I should have lost heart. They questioned me shrewdly, although the governor spoke but seldom, and then in a kindly tone of sympathy and understanding. One by one the men were called forward, each in turn compelled to tell briefly the story of his life; and when all was done the eyes of the governor sought those of the council.

"You have all alike heard the tale, gentlemen," he said. "Nothing like it hath ever before been brought before this colony. Would you leave decision to me?"

There was a murmur of assent, as though they were thus gladly relieved of responsibility in so serious a matter. The governor smiled, his kindly eyes surveying us once more; then, with extended hand he bade Dorothy be seated.

"The story is seemingly an honest one," he said slowly, "and these seamen have done a great service to the colony. They deserve reward rather than punishment. The fair lady who pleads for them is known to us all, and to even question her word is impossible. Unfortunately I have not the power of pardon in cases of piracy, nor authority to free bond slaves, without the approval of the home government; yet will exercise in this case whatsoever of power I possess. For gallant services rendered to the colony, and unselfish devotion to Mistress Dorothy Fairfax, I release Geoffrey Carlyle from servitude pending advice from England; I also grant parole to these seamen, on condition they remain within our jurisdiction until this judgment can be confirmed and full pardons issued. Is this judgment satisfactory, gentlemen?"

The members of the council bowed gravely, without speaking.

"The chest of treasure recovered from the sunken pirate ship," he went on soberly, "will remain unopened until final decision is made. As I understand, Master Carlyle, no one among you has yet seen its contents, or estimated its value?"

"No, your excellency. Beyond doubt it contains the gold stolen from Roger Fairfax; and possibly the result of other robberies at sea."

"The law of England is that a certain percentage of such recovered treasure belongs to the crown, the remainder, its true ownership undetermined, to be fairly divided among those recovering it."

"Yet," spoke up Dorothy quickly, "it must surely be possible to waive all claim in such cases?"

"Certainly; as private property it can be disposed of in any way desired. Was that your thought?"

"A Fairfax always pays his debt," she said proudly, "and this is mine."

There was a moment's silence as though each one present hesitated to speak. She had risen, and yet stood, but with eyes lowered to the floor. Then they were lifted and met mine in all frank honesty.

"There is another debt I owe," she said clearly, "and would pay, your excellency."

"What is that, fair mistress?"

She crossed to me, her hand upon my arm.

"To become the wife of Geoffrey Carlyle."

THE END.

Oracles.

As for myself I am turned contractor of hammock netting for the oracles, taking my pay in notes. I throw strings out of the window and they snap them up at once. They sit in the cherry trees hard by and warble, "Hurry up! hurry up!" I never found out before just what they said. But if you will listen you will find that this is what they first say. A vulgarism, I admit, but native—Lowell

WRIGLEYS

5c a package
before the war

5c a package
during the war

5c a package
NOW

THE FLAVOR LASTS
SO DOES THE PRICE!



INSISTED ON QUICK ACTION

This Father Abhors as Sensible as Many Who Expect Wonders From Correspondence School.

Henry P. Davison was talking about the numerous correspondence courses in five lessons—each lesson to be mastered in one evening over the after-dinner cigar—which teach a man how to become a Napoleon of finance.

"You can't learn to be a Napoleon of finance or anything else so easily," he said. "These courses remind me of the man who brought his son to the school of mines and growled:

"I want you to learn this here boy to be an expert minin' engineer, but look a-here—I don't want him to waste his time over a lot of book nonsense about strata and denudations, and don't bother him with mineralogy and crystals, neither. What I want him to learn is how to find gold and silver and copper in payin' quantities—payin' quantities, mind you—and I'll call for him and put him in to work Monday a week."

Nothing Doing There.

Noislessly, but with all his might, the burglar tugged away at the dressing-table drawer.

In vain. It refused to open. He tugged again.

"Give it another jerk," said a voice behind him.

The burglar turned. The owner of the house was sitting up in bed and looking at him with an expression of the deepest interest on his face.

"Jerk it again. There's a lot of valuable property in that drawer, but we haven't been able to open it since the damp weather began. If you can pull it out I'll give you a handsome royalty on everything that's in."

But the burglar had disappeared through the window, taking part of the sash with him.—Pearson's Weekly.

How's This?
We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 50c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

A Great Season.

"Did you meet any nice young men at the seashore?"

"Yes, any number of them, and two perfectly charming men that mother and father both objected to."

Both Ways.
"You backed the wrong horse."
"Then I front ruin."—Baltimore American.

It is no crime to be poor unless the word is applied to singers.

MURINE'S Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keeps your Eyes Strong and Healthy, if they're Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U.S.A.

Somewhat Slighted.

"After all," remarked Methuselah, "my long life has been a good deal of a failure."

"Merely because you kept out of politics?"

"No. But it does seem to me that I've been at least entitled to an occasional interview as to whether or not I attribute my longevity to abstinence from strong drink and tobacco."

The Reason.
"Not every one is successful in motion-picture work."

"Oh, that takes reel acting!"

Skin Tortured Babies Sleep After Cuticura
All druggists, Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

DENVER
THE LIVE STOCK MARKET OF THE WEST

MOST MODERN STOCK YARDS IN AMERICA

Best Market for ALL CLASSES OF LIVE STOCK

BAD BREATH
Often Caused by

Acid-Stomach

How can anyone with a sour, gassy stomach, who is constantly belching, has heartburn and suffers from indigestion have anything but a bad breath? All of these stomach disorders mean just one thing—Acid-Stomach.

EATONIC, the wonderful new stomach remedy in pleasant tasting tablet form that you eat like a bit of candy, brings quick relief from these stomach miseries. EATONIC sweetens the breath because it makes the stomach sweet, cool and comfortable. Try it for that nasty taste, congested throat and "head-y feeling" after too much smoking.

If neglected, Acid-Stomach may cause you a lot of serious trouble. It leads to nervousness, headaches, insomnia, melancholia, rheumatism, sciatica, heart trouble, ulcer and cancer of the stomach. It makes its millions of victims weak and miserable, listless, lacking in energy, all tired out. It often brings about chronic invalidism, premature old age, a shortening of one's days.

You need the help that EATONIC can give you if you are not feeling as strong and well as you should. You will be surprised to see how much better you will feel just as soon as you begin taking this wonderful stomach remedy. Get a big 50 cent box from your druggist today. It will return your money if you are not satisfied.

EATONIC
(FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at druggists.

HINDER CORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, causes comfort to the foot, makes walking easy. 10c. By mail at 15c. Gist, Hixson Chemical Works, Patheville, N. Y.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

NOW RAISES 600 CHICKENS

After Being Relieved of Organic Trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oregon, Ill.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for an organic trouble which pulled me down until I could not put my foot to the floor and could scarcely do my work, and as I live on a small farm and raise six hundred chickens every year it made it very hard for me."



"I saw the Compound advertised in our paper, and tried it. It has restored my health so I can do all my work and I am so grateful that I am recommending it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M. ALTERS, R. R. 4, Oregon, Ill.

Only women who have suffered the tortures of such troubles and have dragged along from day to day can realize the relief which this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, brought to Mrs. Alters.

Women everywhere in Mrs. Alters' condition should profit by her recommendation, and if there are any complications write Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

OLD AGE STARTS WITH YOUR KIDNEYS

Science says that old age begins with weakened kidneys and digestive organs. This being true, it is easy to believe that by keeping the kidneys and digestive organs cleansed and in proper working order old age can be deferred and life prolonged far beyond that enjoyed by the average person.

For over 200 years GOLD MEDAL Haarem Oil has been relieving the weaknesses and disability due to advancing years. It is a standard old-time home remedy and needs no introduction. GOLD MEDAL Haarem Oil is enclosed in odorless, tasteless capsules containing about 5 drops each. Take them as you would a pill, with a swallow of water. The oil stimulates the kidney

action and enables the organs to throw off the poisons which cause premature old age. New life and strength increase as you continue the treatment. When completely restored continue taking a capsule or two each day. GOLD MEDAL Haarem Oil Capsules will keep you in health and vigor and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not wait until old age or disease have settled down for good. At the first sign that your kidneys are not working properly, go to your druggist and get a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarem Oil Capsules. Money refunded if they do not help you. Three sizes. But remember to ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL brand. In sealed packages.

Father's Little Joke.

I was absent from high school one day. The next day I asked my father, who loves a joke, to write an excuse for me. He did so, and in my hurry I forgot to look at it before handing it to my teacher. She took the note, read it, looked at me, and read it again. I began to feel that something was wrong. Finally she handed me the note. It read: "Please turn Betty over your checkered apron. She needs it."—Exchange.

Objected to "Parking."

My laundress' young son brings my laundry home in his little wagon, writes a correspondent. The other evening he had his little baby sister along, and left her sitting in the wagon while he brought the basket in the house.

The baby started to cry and I said: "What's the matter with her?" "Oh, she wants to come with me; she never does stand for being parked," he replied.

"Roughing It."

Hostess—Now, everybody, you'll have to drink your champagne out of Burgundy glasses, and the cavalier hasn't come, but I know you don't mind roughing it.—Life.

Noncommittal.

"How are they selling things in that bazaar?" "Oh, at a fair price."

Friendship is a good deal like your credit. The less used the better it is.

An Apology.

Whether the following excerpt from the Williamsville (N. D.) Item is a bona fide apology, or only the work of the office humorist, it has originality:

"We wish to apologize to Mrs. Orville Overholt. In our paper last week we had as a headline 'Mrs. Overholt's Big Feet.' The word we ought to have used is a French word, pronounced the same way, but spelled 'fete.' It means a celebration, and is considered a very tony word."

Found.

Colonel Breckinridge of the Navy League was talking in New York about a stern father.

"He's stern, entirely too stern," he said. "In fact, the old boy's raving now—raving mad against his son."

"He sent his son off to New York last week you know, and told him to find an opening. Well—"

Colonel Breckinridge chuckled. "The boy telephoned yesterday to wire \$200, as he was in a hole."

The Cuticura Toilet Trio

Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them. 25c everywhere.—Adv.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.—Edmund Burke.

A lot of good lars got their training by making excuses.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

THE ROOSTER'S IDEAS.

Nick and Nancy had come home again. They had left their cousins feeling very happy for all now were such good friends, and they were better friends than ever before after the visit, which made everything very nice to tell to Daddy. Some of the animals from the barnyard belonging to the house where the cousins lived, had been taken over by Daddy, for the cousins were going to move to the city, and they wanted their animals to be among friends. They had only taken their dog with them.

Sir Benjamin Bacon and Sir Percival Pork, now two of the leading pigs of the pig pen were having a fight over some food, but Mr. Red Crown Rooster was paying no attention to them. Nick and Nancy had been feeding all the animals and now they were listening to Mr. Rooster, who was talking at the top of his voice, or crowing, as his talk is usually called.

"In the good old days," said Mr. Rooster, "folks paid attention to me. They may think a lot of Miss Fidgety Fashionable Hen now that her eggs have become so scarce, but they don't pay half enough attention to a good-natured, kindly old rooster."

"Now, last summer I had a narrow escape. I was crossing the road when one of these horrible dust throwers came along. By a dust thrower I mean a motor car or an automobile, or whatever it is they are called."

"This one had the usual horrid horn attached to it and how that horn did toot. I hurried out of the way and I was almost nearly run over. Dear me, but it was a narrow escape. I might have lost my life. True, they did warn me they were coming."

"But what upish creatures motors are. The very idea of telling a fellow to get out of the way in such a rude manner. And think of the service I have always done people."

"I have awakened them in the morning. True, they have grumbled. They have said that just because I was an early riser it was no reason I should try to wake people up. But I knew what was good for them."

"I knew they shouldn't be staying in bed so long. I knew they should be getting up and enjoying the sunlight and working and not wasting time."

"I feel a friendly feeling for that alarm clock Nick and Nancy talk about. That alarm clock gets abused too. It seems to my rooster mind that alarm clocks lead very sad lives. They see that children aren't late to school and that men aren't late to business and that ladies see that the breakfast is on time but do they get thanked for it?"

"Not a bit of it. I've heard people say."

"Oh, I could have killed that old alarm clock this morning. I was having a nice sleep and it didn't care, in the least."

"Now, the alarm clock was doing its duty. It was seeing that whoever was in the room with it wasn't late. That was most important. So I feel a friendly feeling for the alarm clock for I have been abused, too."

"But I could stand all that if only I could still be the king of the barnyard. Now that motors have come along the motor horn is treating us all as slaves, making us rush this way and that, from one side of the road to the other. I am against all things modern. I'm for the good old ways when a crowing rooster was thought to be a creature worth while."

"It may be all right for Miss Fidgety Fashionable Hen to live in these modern days, but they are sad days for the rooster."

"What are you crowing about, old Red Crown?" asked Nick.

"Yes, you have a lot to say for yourself," said Nancy.

"I'm dreading the summer and the automobiles," said Red Crown.

"But the summer has just past," said Nancy, "you shouldn't be so upset, and you do seem upset about something. I guess I'll give you an extra handful of grain."

"I'm dreading next summer," said Red Crown, "but I feel a little better now. I've two good friends in a good old barnyard, after all. Maybe the automobile will go out of date and the motor birds of the air, the airplanes will take their places. Then they'll toot their horns for creatures to get off the clouds and the good old roosters of the barnyard will rule as they used to rule. In that case I'm for the days to come."

"But I do dread next summer, for this last one has been a hard, hard one," he ended.

Sunflower Philosopher.

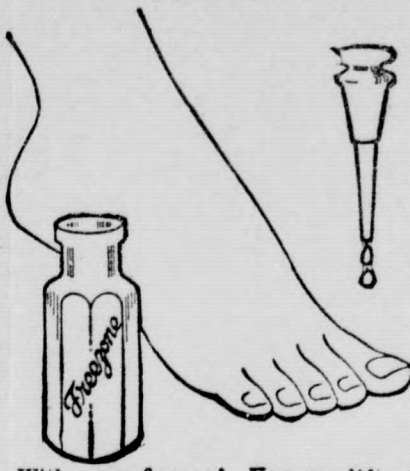
It doesn't do any good to hurry unless you have something to do when you get there.—Topeka Capital.

Mary Still Lives.

Mary was the star Junior Red Cross pupil in her school in a mid-western city. She held the record for Junior Red Cross work, and aspired to hold the record as a Banneret Knight in the health crusade. One morning recently Mary saw her teacher on the street and, running up to her, said: "Good morning, teacher," and in a great hurry, as if fearing she might forget, added: "Oh! Miss Bow, I've taken my ten breaths and I'm still breathing."

Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin caluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

One's obstacles are usually of one's own making.

Personal Question.

"Person" in the dictionaries is described as "an individual human being." But it is not so in England from a legal standpoint, as women do not come within the class. This was revealed recently when the Royal Astronomical society of London decided to admit women as fellows of the council. The plan was found to be impossible until the society had its charter altered.

Eligibles for election in the society's by-laws were described as "persons" and when legal opinion was obtained it was decided that a "person" was strictly of the masculine sex. The change was made in the charter and the clever women who had distinguished themselves in star gazing were admitted to the society.

Keeping Up the Good Work.

"My friend," remarked the practical man, "you can't reform the world by passing resolutions."

"But we don't stop there," answered the professional uplifter. "You have no idea of how a set of good, strong resolutions inspires the rank and file with new confidence to tackle the problems of the day. Particularly after we get them published in the newspapers."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Souvenir Fiend.

Windso Magazine—"She held out her hand and the young man took it and departed."—Boston Transcript.

Back Given Out?

Housework is too hard for a woman who is half sick, nervous and always tired. But it keeps piling up, and gives weak kidneys no time to recover. If your back is lame and aches and your kidneys irregular, if you have "blue spells," sick headaches, nervousness, dizziness and rheumatic pains, use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have done wonders for thousands of worn out women.

An Idaho Case

Mrs. S. E. Reed, nurse, Mountain Home, Idaho, says: "Two years ago I had an attack of kidney trouble and it grew quite serious in a short time. It came on suddenly and my kidneys seemed to give out. I got Doan's Kidney Pills and one box was all that I needed to make me well. Doan's Kidney Pills acted on my system, strengthening my kidneys and stopping all the pains. I have had no sign of the trouble since."

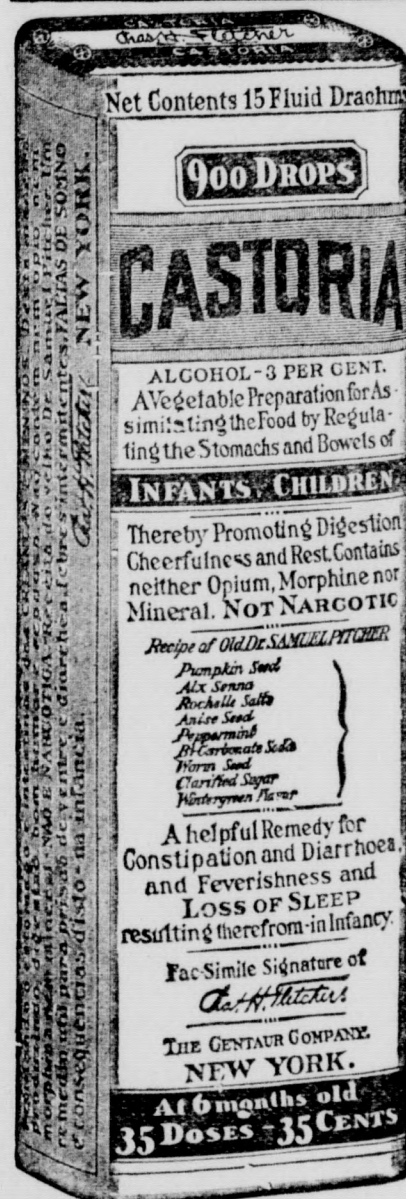
Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 38-1919.

She'll Tell About It.

"Can a man have wealth untold, pa?"

"Not if he has a wife, my son."—Chicago News.



Children Cry For

Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



GOOD IDEA!
Open your Lucky Strike package this way—tear off part of the top only.

Protects the Lucky Strike cigarette—a cigarette made of that delicious real Burley tobacco. It's toasted.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

At the Beginning and the End of the Day

There's health and comfort in the truly All-American table beverage—

The Original POSTUM CEREAL

Bid your coffee troubles good-bye by joining the great army who now drink Postum instead of coffee.

Two sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c.

Everywhere at Grocers.

Red Crown Gasoline

And STANDARD OIL Products.

SIERRA MADRE GARAGE, Sole Agents.

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J. C. WHYTE

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FURNITURE MOVING A SPECIALTY.

PHONE BLUE 55

148 N. MT. TRAIL

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

Now is the time for my neighbors to get a home in Sierra Madre before prices advance. \$1700 buys a nice modern, plastered house, partly furnished. Do you want to save on Fire Insurance? Note when your policy expires and see

A. N. ADAMS

Phone Black 3.

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FARM AND CITY PROPERTY

ANDREWS & HAWKS

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance

Exchange 2

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Five Grades—1-2-3 Fly in each grade, Ranging in Price from \$2.00 to \$5.50 per Sq.

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Automobile for Hire!

FIVE-PASSENGER OVERLAND

Anywhere — Any Time — Night Calls A Specialty
Rates \$2.00 per Hour

Special Rates by the Day—Minimum for Day Calls, 25c
After 9:00 p. m., Minimum 50c

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Buy Poultry Feed,
Grain, Hay,POULTRY REMEDIES, HOG FEED, ETC., AT
LOWEST PRICES

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139 ESPERANZA STREET

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NEWS LINERS PAY

run-STOP-Start

The trials of driving in the traffic prove the quality of Red Crown gasoline. Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(California)The
Gasoline
of Quality

O R GOOD, Spl Agt., Standard Oil Co., Monrovia, California

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MRS. W. R. LEES, Local Editor.Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
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BEAUTY

There's beauty in all flowers that bloom,
The trees that give us shade;
In all things, not obscured by gloom,
That we, ourselves, have made.

God gave us means for joy and peace,
But we, to claim our share;
Must self-absorbing vision cease,
Seek views, that charm, elsewhere.

A kindly thought for others' weal,
Small deeds to lighten care;
And brighten gloom that others feel,
Sow, seed, may beauty bear.

—A. L. Soran.

AT THE CHURCHES

Church of the Ascension
The Rev. Wm. Carsen Shaw, Rector
Sunday Services.

Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m.
Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.
Morning Prayer, 11:00 a. m.
Choir practise Friday evening at 7:30.
The rector will preach at the 11 o'clock service, subject "Some Aspects of the General Convention."

ORDER OF ST. CATHERINE.
The order of St. Catherine of the Church of the Ascension held their regular meeting at the home of Miss T. H. Graham last Tuesday evening. A busy evening was spent in making arrangements for the part they will take in the coming bazar.

In response to a call last week for preserves for the Los Angeles Orphan Home, the Order of St. Catherine collected and sent in over two dozen quarts of jam.

Until further notice, meetings will be held once a week, the next meeting at the home of Miss Martha Shaw.

Congregational
"A Community Church"
Chas. C. Wilson, Minister
129 W. Central. Phone Green 36.
Mr. Wilson will preach at both morning and evening services.

Bethany
Dr. A. W. Rawlings, Pastor.
Bethany church enjoyed the introduction just started Sunday morning on the second coming of Christ. The church was filled and the interested audience was busy looking up scripture references and taking notes. In the evening the church was filled to its capacity. This is a wonderful opportunity to study the scripture as set forth by one of our most eminent preachers and Bible students.

Christian Science Society
Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.

Subject for Sunday morning:
"Doctrines of Atonement."

* Canning and preserving be- *
* comes a pleasure when Natur- *
* al Gas, Nature's Finest Prod- *
* uct is at your service. *

THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

By Mrs. Palmer Rhodes.

The one o'clock luncheon with which the members of the Woman's Club were most graciously ushered into the new club season, was a success in every detail. Mrs. Walter Lynch, chairman of decorations, and her able committee, had transformed the dining room into a bower of beauty, making effective use of a profusion of autumn leaves and dahlias of varied hues. The luncheon which was prepared by Mrs. Turner of Pasadena sustained the reputation Mrs. Turner has for some years held in Sierra Madre and was quietly and efficiently served by a number of the eighth grade girls. At the close of the luncheon, the president, Mrs. Walker, made a few interesting remarks, welcoming the club members back to their club home, urging them to more and greater success and giving repeated assurances of her willingness to cooperate with them, to make this a successful year.

Mrs. Jack Wright and Mrs. Frank Wright, both past presidents of the club, when called upon by the president, made a few remarks of greeting, and Mrs. M. D. Welscher gave a most gracious welcome to the large

number of new members.

Mrs. Sidney Thomas Exley, president of the Federation, then took the floor and in concise well-chosen words gave an insight into the plans of the future club activity. Two new committees, of which great things are even now being accomplished, are the Americanization and the Federal Service committees, and the Thrift Department, which is Mrs. Exley's very own idea, and was installed through her efforts, has according to her enthusiastic elucidation, a most wonderful outlook. Mrs. Exley most emphatically urged the establishing of a dramatic section to the club and in her remarks disclosed herself to be not only a lover of, but a student of the drama. Following Mrs. Exley's pleasing remarks, the club adjourned to the assembly rooms, where the president almost immediately opened the afternoon program.

Miss Knapp of Alhambra, who anticipates starting a dancing class in Sierra Madre in the immediate future, presented three of her pupils for the opening number as follows:
Caprice Dance—Ella Rollins.
A French Baby—Vivian Markle.

The Water Nymph—Mary Barstow.
Each one showed remarkable ease and grace, thereby giving silent testimony to the efficiency of her teacher, and paving the way for the wonderful speaker of the afternoon, Mrs. Lillian Burkhardt Goldsmith, of Los Angeles. Mrs. Goldsmith chose as the subject of her remarks "The Art of the Theatre," and as she became more and more enthused in her subject, she gradually lifted her hearers out of the Woman's Club house and carried them with her into the great theatre of the past, where one by one, she introduced in her rich, mellow tones, with most gracious and sincere words of appreciation, the actors and actresses of the pure drama, who in maintaining that sweetness and purity—doubly endeared themselves to the American public.

Her rendition of "The Marriage Game," a comedy written by Anna Crawford Flexler of Iowa, was indeed splendid, and the moral lurking in situations at once ridiculous and pathetic was a memorable lesson for all. Reluctantly and with repeated applause the audience finally released Mrs. Goldsmith, thereby concluding a most delightful afternoon program. The next meeting of the club will be on Monday, Oct. 27, in the club house.

NEWS WANTAD
LINERS

TO LOAN—All or part of \$2,000 at 7 per cent. Andrews & Hawks. Telephone Exchange 2. 51

FURNITURE WANTED — Highest price paid for second hand furniture. Spot cash. Goldberg. Phone Black 142. 171 N. Adams St. 51

GOATS FOR SALE—Three-year old Toggenburg doe, grade 3-4; five quart milkers, for \$150, and her doe kid four months old, grade 7-8, \$50; both for \$175. Phone, Green 118.

LOT FOR SALE—Fine building lot, near school, shade, ornamental and fruit trees, 50 ft. x 115. Price \$500. Terms if desired. W. F. News.

DANCING LESSONS — Class for adults in ball-room dancing at Kindergarten building on Monday evening, October 13th, from eight to nine. For particulars, phone Black 90.

WANT TO RENT—Five or six room house, furnished. Apply at the "News" office. 54*

FOUND—In front of News office on Friday, a set of upper false teeth. Owner may have same by paying for this ad. 54—

FOR SALE—Sierra Madre daily paper route; Los Angeles Times and Examiner, joint agency.

TURKEYS FOR SALE—Nice, fat young, corn-fed turkeys, 45c per pound. 65 E. Laurel Ave. 3p

WANTED TO BUY—Baby's bed and chicken house. 24 N. Hermosa Ave. 3p.

STORES FOR RENT—Two choice stores for rent in brick building. See A. N. Adams. 3ctf

SELL YOUR HOME—If you are thinking of selling your home, see A. N. Adams. 3ctf

FOR SALE—Splendid residence, two story seven room Chalet. Completely modern. Open fireplace and other built-in features, large cement cellar, three fine bed-rooms upstairs, one a special open air sleeping room. Also large open balcony. One of the finest views of the valley and mountains. Lot 100 by 150. Grounds highly improved, ornamental and shade trees. Over 36 full bearing orange and fruit trees. 276 Santa Anita Court. 54*

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Central Market

Fresh Meats, Vegetables and Groceries

Specials for Saturday Only.

JUST RECEIVED NEW CROP WALNUTS

1 lb 40c, 2 lbs 75c, 5 lbs \$1.75

—50 BOXES OF ORANGES—

For Saturday at, per picking box, 75c
New Crop Fig Bars, per lb 30c
Bellflower Apples, 4 lbs, 25c
New Raisins, 16 oz package, 15c
Shoulder Pot Roasts, per lb 22c

FRESH FISH FRIDAYS.

WE CLOSE THURSDAY AT 12 O'CLOCK.

M. D. WELSHER

Grocery Phone Main 6

Market Phone Main 97

Olsen's Shoe Shop

RUBBERS: For Men, Women and Children. Men's Rubber Boots and Rain Hats. Protect Yourselves against the "Flu." and Grippe.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

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Automobile Tops, Tires,
Batteries, Vulcanizing,
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A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL.

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Near City Hall

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J. D. TUCKER, Painting Contractor
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Phone Green 80 Residence 111 Suffolk Ave.

Stationery - - -

Southland Linen Bond—Plain or Ruled—at Attractive Prices.

COME IN AND SEE THEM.

The Sierra Madre Pharmacy

F. H. HARTMAN & SON

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS

25 N. Baldwin Ave.

Phone Black 25

Box and Bulk Candies

FRESH EACH WEEK.

ICE CREAM, SOFT DRINKS, CANDIES, MAGAZINES,
CIGARS and TOBACCOS.
DROP IN

First Door East P. O. Pettitt's News Stand
Phone Green 85

New Service Cars

We have just purchased new five and seven passenger cars to add to our livery service so that we are prepared to take care of all calls, long or short hauls.

POPULAR PRICES PREVAIL

Special rates to responsible parties by the week or month.
Calls promptly answered, Day or Night

Sierra Madre Garage

Milton Steinberger, Prop.

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37-45 W. Central Ave.

WHEATENA

Wheatena multiplies itself seven times when cooked. A carton which costs 25c makes eight pounds of most nourishing and appetizing breakfast food. When you buy Wheatena ask for a recipe booklet. Learn the many ways in which it can be prepared.

WHEATENA, 1 lb, 3 oz CARTON, EACH 25c

Specials for Saturday Only

Pine Rib Beef Roast, the lb. .25
Pure Lard, the lb. .35
Best Creamery Butter, the lb. .73
Borden's Evaporated Milk, large can, .14
New Crop Salinas Potatoes, 10 lbs. .35
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES FRESH EVERY MORNING.
OPEN ALL DAY ON THURSDAYS.

Sierra Madre Department Store

Established 1887.

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.

Phone Black 12

291 W. Central Ave.

Used Automobiles

If you are figuring on buying a used car you cannot afford to miss looking over our stock. Every car carries our reputation and we guarantee each one to be exactly as represented.

Spot Cash for Used Cars

We will pay spot cash for your used car. No quibbling or stalling. Drive your car in and walk out with the cash. See us before you buy or sell. You can do better here—either way....

Robert J. McNabb,

2526 E. Colorado St.

Lamanda Park, Cal.

Chicken Feed.

Get your COULSON EGG MASH and BUTTERMILK MASH from us. There is nothing better. TRY IT.

Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co.

A. OLSEN, Prop.

PHONE MAIN 50

97 E. Montecito.

PURE MILK

Phone us for pure sanitary Milk, Cream and Buttermilk. Early delivery—always there in time for breakfast.

BEMAY DAIRY

Phone, Green 85.

ROBT W. GRADY, Prop.

A. Hoegee and son Vinton are hunting near Lone Pine.

Earl Topping and L. E. Steinberger are at the Swilgan cabin for a few days.

Frank Hildebrandt spent a week's vacation near Roberts' Camp recently.

Miss Avis Preston arrived home Tuesday after a month's visit with friends in the northern part of the state.

Mrs. Mary North of South Lima St. has returned home after spending several months with relatives in Minnesota.

George Kelly of Pasadena, formerly of Sierra Madre, was in town Tuesday and says the truck business is flourishing.

The Dickens Fellowship will meet next Wednesday, Oct. 22nd, with Miss Ida Munsell at the home of Miss Thomasella Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hayden of Mira Monte Ave. left this week for Chicago and New York. Mr. Hayden is connected with a large fur house.

Mrs. Edith Bradfield and little daughter and Mrs. W. M. Hoenick and little son of Hollywood were guests Thursday of Mrs. M. Timberlake.

Miss Frances Ralston of Pasadena was the guest of Mrs. Palmer Rhodes for dinner last Friday evening, and later attended the dance at the club house.

Miss Marion Vannier and Miss Florence Vannier were entertained with luncheon at the home of Mrs. John W. Hart of San Marino on Wednesday.

Mrs. E. F. Oswald of Palo Alta, who has just returned from the east on business for the government, was visiting his brother, Mr. George Oswald, last Monday.

Mrs. S. R. Owen and sister, Miss Grace Matthews, who have been spending a month in Sierra Madre Canyon Park, left last Wednesday for their home in Fullerton.

On Oct. 22nd, at eight P. M. at the City Hall, the annual meeting of the Red Cross will be held, for the purpose of electing the executive board for the ensuing year.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Glenn and family left on Tuesday for Waco, Texas, and expect to make their home there. They have resided in Sierra Madre for the past four months.

J. Wade Brunson has a position with the W. P. Herbert Co., distributors of the Cleveland cars at Los Angeles. He has charge of the service and demonstration departments.

George K. Bourke of San Gabriel court returned home Saturday after spending several weeks at Monterey. Miss Eda Maxgood of North Lima St., has gone to Paso Robles for an extended stay.

News has been received from Capt. J. A. Osgood, who left recently to attend the G. A. R. convention. He and Mrs. Osgood are enjoying a visit with relatives in Boston and vicinity before returning home.

The Ancient Priscillas will meet at the home of Mrs. J. G. Blumer on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 21st.

Mr. William Walker is assisting in A. N. Adams' real estate office. He has lately arrived here from Oregon.

The many friends of Mrs. J. M. Sullivan will be glad to know that she has opened a millinery shop at 56 S. Los Robles Ave., Pasadena. Mrs. Sullivan was in business in Sierra Madre for a number of years and just recently moved to Pasadena.

ROYALTY IN SIERRA MADRE.

King Albert, Queen Elizabeth and the Crown Prince of Belgium will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Anita Baldwin today.

The school children will march to the Baldwin place at 11 o'clock and line up where they can get a good look at the royal party.

VISITOR LIVED HERE

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

M. L. Frank of Pasadena, was a caller at the News office yesterday, enquiring about the old-timers of this place.

Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Frank was the printer who did the mechanical work on the "Vista", the newspaper of the town at that time. In speaking of old times, yesterday, he related many incidents that were interesting from a historic standpoint and expressed his surprise at the beauty of modern Sierra Madre. After getting the location of old residents who were here when he was a resident, he started out to make the rounds and renew old acquaintances.

HIVES HOME TO

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Mrs. E. Wood Davis returned on Wednesday from her Mt. Hermon home in Santa Cruz Co. She hopes to remain in her Sierra Madre home during the winter. Her "Pansy Place" at Mt. Hermon is to be the Missionary Home for the Pacific branch of Congregational Church. The place is illustrious as the former home of "Pansy" (Mrs. Geo. Alden) the writer of 106 books of earnest Christian character. Mrs. Davis has deeded the place, furnished, to the Missionary Society.

DIED.

Mrs. Regina Muller died Thursday, October 16th at the age of 38 years, at the family residence, 395 W. Mariposa Ave. Funeral services will be held Saturday morning at 9 o'clock at the Catholic Church. Burial will take place at the Calvary Cemetery, Los Angeles.

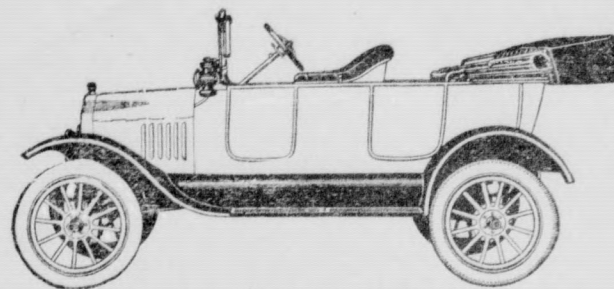
Surviving her are a husband, Chas. J. Muller, two sons, Jerome and Edwin, and three sisters, Miss Adelaid Vanden Brooks of Sierra Madre, Mrs. J. A. McDonald, Mrs. J. W. Meagher of Bay City, Mich., and one brother John C. Vanden Brooks, also of Bay City.

AUTOMOBILE TOPS.

Better let us put on one of our famous quality tops before it rains again. Our prices are the lowest and we give A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL. Common Sense Tire and Auto Equipment Co. 34 W. Union St. Phone, Colo. 1970, Pasadena, Cal.

A wanted will sell it. Try it.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR



New 1920 Model.

With Self Starter.

Now on Display

in the **Show Room** of the
Sierra Madre Garage

MILTON STEINBERGER, PROPRIETOR.

Order Now for Prompt Delivery.

WALK-OVER

Walk-Over FOOT FORM SHOES For Children

Mothers who appreciate the necessity of having their children properly shod will be interested in our specialized Foot Form Shoes, built by specialists who understand the anatomy of children's feet. They are made of best wearing leather, strongly stitched on oak soles.

TAN AND DARK BROWN LEATHER	Buttons or Lace Various Leather
Sizes 6 to 8\$3.25	Sizes 6 to 8\$4.00
Sizes 8 1-2 to 11 3.75	Sizes 8 1-2 to 11 4.50
Sizes 11 1-2 to 2 4.00	Sizes 11 1-2 to 2 5.00

Bassett' WALK-OVER Store

36 E. Colorado St
PASADENA, CAL
"WALKOVERS
FOR
QUALITY,
BASSETT'S
FOR
SERVICE."

WANTED—Have good home for elderly lady, small salary, in exchange for light service in home. No small children. No washing. Address, Mrs. Stelle, 524 El Dorado St. Pasadena, Cal.

* For satisfaction in canning *
* berries and preserving fruit *
* this month, use Natural Gas. *

ANNIVERSARY GREETING

One Year Old SATURDAY, Oct. 18, '19 One Year Old

All Goods At Reduced Prices During This Celebration.

FREE SOUVENIR To All

Tomorrow is the First Anniversary of my business in Sierra Madre and I am going to celebrate by giving to each customer a change purse, free, as a souvenir of the occasion and also every article in the store that is sold tomorrow, will be at less than the regular price. The souvenir Change Purse is not a cheap one, by any means, but is made of good leather with ornamental metal top and clasp. Come and get one and stock up in groceries fruits and vegetables at a saving. I sincerely thank you all for your patronage and ask a continuance of the same.

**Sierra Madre,
California.**

C. M. NOMURA, Grocer.

The Magnificent Ambersons

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Company.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

—11—

"I'm not sure, Georgie. When I was your age I was like you in many ways, especially in not being very cool-headed, so I can't say. You can't be trusted for much, except asserting itself and fighting and making love."

"Indeed!" George snorted. "May I ask what you think I ought to have done?"

"Nothing." "Nothing?" George echoed, mocking bitterly. "I suppose you think I mean to let my mother's good name—"

"Your mother's good name!" Amberson cut him off impatiently. "Nobody has a good name in a bad mouth. Nobody has a good name in a silly mouth, either. Well, your mother's name was in some silly mouths, and all you've done was to go and have a scene with the worst old woman gossip in the town—a scene that's going to make her into a partisan against your mother, whereas she was a mere prattler before. Don't you suppose she'll be all over town with this tomorrow? And she'll see to it that everybody who's hinted anything about poor Isabel will know that you're on the warpath; and that will put them on the defensive and make them vicious. The story will grow as it spreads and—"

George unfolded his arms to strike his right fist into his left palm. "But do you suppose I'm going to tolerate such things?" he shouted. "What do you suppose I'll be doing?"

"You can do absolutely nothing," said Amberson. "Nothing of any use. The more you do the more harm you'll do."

"You'll see! I'm going to stop this thing if I have to force my way into every house on National Avenue and Amberson Boulevard!"

His uncle laughed rather sourly but made no other comment.

"Well, what do you propose to do?" George demanded. "Do you propose to sit there—"

"Yes."

"—and let this riffraff bandy my mother's good name back and forth among them? Is that what you propose to do?"

"It's all I can do," Amberson returned. "It's all any of us can do now; just sit still and hope that the thing may die down in time in spite of your stirring up that awful old woman."

George drew a long breath, then advanced and stood close before his uncle. "Didn't you understand me when I told you that people are saying my mother means to marry this man?"

"Yes, I understood you."

"You say that my going over there has made matters worse," George went on. "How about it if such a—such an unspicable marriage did take place? Do you think that would make people believe they'd been wrong in saying—you know what they say?"

"No," said Amberson deliberately. "I don't believe it would. But it wouldn't hurt Isabel and Eugene, if they never heard of it; and if they did hear of it, then they could take their choice between placating gossip or living for their own happiness. If they have decided to marry—"

George almost staggered. Good heaven! he gasped. "You speak of it calmly!"

Amberson looked up at him inquiringly. "Why shouldn't they marry if they want to?" he asked. "It's their own affair. I don't see anything precisely monstrous about two people getting married when they're both free and care about each other. What's the matter with their marrying?"

"It would be monstrous!" George shouted. "Monstrous even if this horrible thing hadn't happened, but now in the face of this—oh, that you can sit there and even speak of it! Your own sister! Oh—"

He became incoherent, swinging away from Amberson and making for the door, wildly gesturing.

"For heaven's sake don't be so theatrical!" said his uncle, and then, seeing that George was leaving the room: "Come back here. You mustn't speak to your mother of this!"

"Don't tend to," George said indistinctly, and he plunged into the big, dimly lit hall. He went home and got a hat and overcoat without seeing either his mother or Fanny. Then he left word that he would be out for dinner and hurried away from the house.

He walked the dark streets of Amberson addition for an hour, then went downtown and got coffee at a restaurant. After that he walked through the lighted parts of the town until ten o'clock, when he turned north and came back to the purlieus of the Addition. He walked fiercely, though his feet ached, but by and by he turned homeward, and when he reached the Major's, went in and sat upon the steps of the huge stone veranda in front—an obscure figure in that lonely and repellent place. All lights were out at the Major's, and finally, after twelve, he saw his mother's window darken at home.

He waited half an hour longer, then crossed the front yards of the new

houses and let himself noiselessly in the front door. The light in the hall had been left burning, and another in his own room, as he discovered when he got there. He locked the door quickly and without noise, but his fingers were still upon the key when there was a quick footfall in the hall outside.

"Georgie, dear?"

He went to the other end of the room before replying.

"Yes?"

"I'd been wondering where you were, dear."

"Had you?"

There was a pause; then she said timidly: "Wherever it was, I hope you had a pleasant evening."

After a silence, "Thank you," he said without expression.

Another silence followed before she spoke again.

"You wouldn't care to be kissed good night, I suppose?" And with a little flurry of placative laughter she added: "At your age of course?"

"I'm going to bed now," he said. "Good night."

Another silence seemed blander than those which had preceded it, and finally her voice came—it was blank, too.

"Good night."

After he was in bed his thoughts became more tumultuous than ever; while among all the inchoate and fragmentary sketches of this dreadful day, now rising before him the clearest was of his uncle collapsed in a big chair with a white tie dangling from his hand; and one conviction, following upon that picture, became definite in George's mind: that his Uncle George Amberson was a hopeless dreamer, from whom no help need be expected.

An amiable imbecile lacking in normal impulses, and wholly useless in a struggle which required honor to be defended by a man of action.

Then would return a vision of Mrs. Johnson's furious round head, set behind her great bosom like the sun far sunk on the horizon of a mountain plateau and her crackling, asthmatic voice.

"Without sharing in other people's disposition to put an evil interpretation on what may be nothing more than unfortunate appearance—"

"Other people may be less considerate in not confining their discussion of it, as I have, to charitable views." . . . And then George would get up again—and again—and pace the floor in his bare feet.

That was what the tormented young man was doing when daylight came gauntly in at his window—pacing the floor, rubbing his head in his hands, and muttering:

"It can't be true: this can't be happening to me!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Breakfast was brought to him in his room as usual; but he did not make his normal healthy raid upon the dainty tray: the food remained untouched, and he sustained himself upon coffee—four cups of it, which left nothing of value inside the glistening little percolator. During this process he heard his mother being summoned to the telephone in the hall, not far from his door, and then her voice responding: "Yes? Oh, it's you!"

Indeed I should! . . . Of course . . . Then I'll expect you about three. . . . Yes. . . . Goodbye till then." A few minutes later he heard her speaking to someone beneath his window, and, looking out, saw her directing the removal of plants from a small garden bed to the Major's conservatory for the winter. She laughed gayly with the Major's gardener over something he said, and this unconcerned cheerfulness of her was terrible to her son.

He went to his desk, and, searching the jumbled contents of a drawer, brought forth a large, unframed photograph of his father, upon which he gazed long and piteously, till at last hot tears stood in his eyes. "Poor, poor father!" the son whispered brokenly. "Poor man, I'm glad you didn't know!"

He wrapped the picture in a sheet of newspaper, put it under his arm, and, leaving the house hurriedly and steadily, went downtown to the shop of a silversmith, where he spent sixty dollars on a resplendently festooned silver frame for the picture. Having lunched upon more coffee, he returned to the house at two o'clock, carrying the framed photograph with him, and placed it upon the center table in the library, the room most used by Isabel and Fanny and himself. Then he went to a front window of the long "reception room," and sat looking out through the lace curtains.

George looked often at his watch, but his vigil did not last an hour. At ten minutes of three, peering through the curtain, he saw an automobile stop in front of the house and Eugene Morgan jump lightly down from it. The car was of a new pattern, low and long, with an ample seat in the tonneau, facing forward; and a professional driver sat at the wheel, a strange figure in leather goggles out

of all personality and seemingly part of the mechanism.

Eugene himself, as he came up the cement path to the house, was a figure of the new era which was in time to be so disastrous to stiff hats and skirted coats; and his appearance afforded a debonair contrast to that of the queer-looking duck capering at the Amberson ball in an old dress coat, and next day chugging up National Avenue through the snow in his nightmare of a sewing machine. Eugene this afternoon was richly clad in new outdoor mode: his motoring coat was soft gray fur; his cap and gloves were of gray suede, and though Lucy's hand may have shown itself in the selection of these high garnitures, he wore them easily, even with a becoming hint of jauntness. Some change might be seen in his face, too, for a successful man is seldom to be mistaken, especially if his temper be genial. Eugene had begun to look like a millionaire.

But, above everything else, what was most evident about him, as he came up the path, was his confidence in the happiness promised by his present errand; the anticipation in his eyes could have been read by a stranger. His look at the door of Isabel's house was the look of a man who is quite certain that the next moment will reveal something ineffably charming, inexpressibly dear.

When the bell rang George waited at the entrance of the "reception room" until a housemaid came through the hall on her way to answer the summons.

"You needn't mind, Mary," he told her. "I'll see who it is and what they want. Probably it's only a peddler."

"Thank you, sir, Mister George," said Mary, and returned to the rear of the house.

George went slowly to the front door and halted, regarding the misty silhouette of the caller upon the ornamental frosted glass. After a minute of waiting this silhouette changed outline so that an arm could be distinguished—an arm outstretched toward the bell, as if the gentleman outside doubted whether or not it had sounded and were minded to try again. But before the gesture was completed George abruptly threw open the door and stepped squarely upon the middle of the threshold.

A slight change shadowed the face of Eugene; his look of happy anticipation gave way to something formal and polite. "How do you do, George?" he said. "Mrs. Minafer expects to go driving with me, I believe—if you'll be so kind as to send her word that I'm here."

George made not the slightest movement.

"No," he said.

Eugene was incredulous, even when his second glance revealed how hot of eye was the haggard young man before him. "I beg your pardon, I said—"

"I heard you," said George. "You said you had an engagement with my mother, I told you, No!"

Eugene gave him a steady look, and then he asked quietly: "What is the difficulty?"

George kept his own voice quiet enough, but that did not mitigate the vibrant fury of it. "My mother will

have no interest in knowing that you came for her today," he said. "Or any other day!"

Eugene continued to look at him with a scrutiny in which began to gleam a profound anger, note the less powerful because it was so quiet. "I am afraid I do not understand you."

"I doubt if I could make it much plainer," George said, raising his voice slightly. "But I'll try. You're not wanted in this house, Mr. Morgan."

He left his door open, however, and when he heard the front door bell ring, by and by, he went half way down the stairs and stood to listen. He was not much afraid that Mor-

gan would return, but he wished to make sure.

Mary appeared in the hall below him, but, after a glance toward the front of the house, turned back, and withdrew. Evidently Isabel had gone to the door. Then a murmur was heard, and George Amberson's voice, quick and serious: "I want to talk to you, Isabel!" . . . and another murmur; then Isabel and her brother passed the foot of the broad, dark stairway, but did not look up, and remained unconscious of the watchful presence above them.

For a time all that George could hear was the indistinct sound of his uncle's voice; what he was saying could not be surmised, though the troubled brotherliness of his tone was evident. He seemed to be explaining something at considerable length, and there were moments when he paused, and George guessed that his mother was speaking, but her voice must have been very low, for it was entirely inaudible to him.

Suddenly he did hear her. Through the heavy doors her outcry came, clear and loud:

"Oh, no!"

It was a cry of protest, as if something her brother told her must be untrue, or, if it were true, the fact he stated must be undone; and it was a sound of sheer pain.

Another sound of pain, close to George, followed it; this was a vehement sniffling which broke out just above him, and, looking up, he saw Fanny Minafer on the landing, leaning over the banisters and applying her handkerchief to her eyes and nose.

"I can guess what that was about," she whispered huskily. "He's just told her what you told Eugene!"

George gave her a dark look over his shoulder. "You go on back to your room!" he said; and he began to descend the stairs; but Fanny, guessing his purpose, rushed down and caught his arm, detaining him.

"You're not going in there?" she whispered huskily. "You don't—"

"Let go of me!"

But she clung to him savagely. "No, you don't, George Minafer! You'll keep away from there! You will!"

"You let go of—"

"I won't! You come back here! You'll come upstairs and let them alone; that's what you'll do!" And with such passionate determination did she clutch and tug, never losing a grip of him somewhere, though George tried as much as he could, without hurting her, to wrench away—with such utter forgetfulness of her maiden dignity did she assault him, that she forced him, stumbling upward, to the landing.

"Of all the ridiculous—" he began furiously; but she spared one hand from its grasp of his sleeve and clapped it over his mouth.

"Hush up!" Never for an instant in this grotesque struggle did Fanny raise her voice above a husky whisper. "Hush up! It's indecent—like squabbling outside the door of an operating room! Go on to the top of the stairs—go on!"

And when George had most unwillingly obeyed, she planted herself in his way, on the top step. "There!" she said. "The idea of your going in there now! I never heard of such a thing!" And with the sudden departure of the nervous vigor she had shown so amazingly, she began to cry again. "I was an awful fool. Do you suppose I dreamed you'd go making everything into such a tragedy? Do you?"

"I don't care what you dreamed," George muttered.

But Fanny went on, always taking care to keep her voice from getting too loud, in spite of her most grievous agitation. "Do you dream I thought you'd go making such a fool of yourself at Mrs. Johnson's? Oh, I saw her this morning! She wouldn't talk to me, but I met George Amberson on my way back, and he told me what you'd done over there! And do you dream I thought you'd do what you've done here this afternoon to Eugene? Oh, I knew that, too! Of course he went to George Amberson about it, and that's why George is here. He's got to tell Isabel the whole thing now, and you wanted to go in there interfering—God knows what! You stay here and let her brother tell her; he's got some consideration for her!"

"I suppose you think I haven't!" George said, and at that Fanny laughed witheringly.

"You! Considerate of anybody?"

"I'm considerate of her good name!" he said hotly. "It seems to me that's about the first thing to be considerate of, in being considerate of a person! And look here; it strikes me you're taking a pretty different tack from what you did yesterday afternoon!"

Fanny wrung her hands. "I did a terrible thing!" she lamented. "Now that it's done and too late, I know what it was! I didn't have sense enough just to let things go on. I didn't have any business to interfere, and I didn't mean to interfere—I only wanted to talk, and let out a little! I did think you already knew everything I told you, I did! And I'd rather have cut off my hand than stir you up to doing what you have done! I was just suffering so that I wanted to let out a little—I didn't mean any real harm. But now I see what's happened—or, I was a fool! I haven't any business interfering. Eugene never would have looked at me, anyhow, and, oh, why couldn't I have seen that before! He never came here a single time in his life except on her account, never! And I might have let them alone, because he wouldn't have looked at me even if he'd never seen Isabel. And they haven't done any harm; she made Wilbur happy, and she was a true

gan would return, but he wished to make sure.

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"You! Considerate of anybody?"

"I'm considerate of her good name!" he said hotly. "It seems to me that's about the first thing to be considerate of, in being considerate of a person! And look here; it strikes me you're taking a pretty different tack from what you did yesterday afternoon!"

Fanny wrung her hands. "I did a terrible thing!" she lamented. "Now that it's done and too late, I know what it was! I didn't have sense enough just to let things go on. I didn't have any business to interfere, and I didn't mean to interfere—I only wanted to talk, and let out a little! I did think you already knew everything I told you, I did! And I'd rather have cut off my hand than stir you up to doing what you have done! I was just suffering so that I wanted to let out a little—I didn't mean any real harm. But now I see what's happened—or, I was a fool! I haven't any business interfering. Eugene never would have looked at me, anyhow, and, oh, why couldn't I have seen that before! He never came here a single time in his life except on her account, never! And I might have let them alone, because he wouldn't have looked at me even if he'd never seen Isabel. And they haven't done any harm; she made Wilbur happy, and she was a true

wife to him as long as he lived. It wasn't a crime for her to care for Eugene all the time; she certainly never told him she did—and she gave me every chance in the world! She left us alone together every time she could—even since Wilbur died—but what was the use? And here I go, not doing myself a bit of good by it, and just—Fanny wrung her hands again—"just ruining them!"

"I suppose you mean I'm doing that," George said bitterly.

"No. She doesn't let anybody know, but she goes to the doctor regularly."

"Women are always going to doctors regularly."

"No. He told her to."

George was not impressed. "It's nothing at all; she spoke of it to me years ago—some kind of family failing. She said grandfather had it, too; and look at him! Hasn't proved very serious with him! You act as if I'd done something wrong in sending that man about his business, and as if I were going to persecute my mother, instead of protecting her. By Jove, it's sickening! You told me how all the riffraff in town were busy with her name, and then the minute I lift my hand to protect her, you begin to attack me and—"

"Sh!" Fanny checked him, laying her hand on his arm. "Your uncle is going."

The library doors were heard opening, and a moment later there came the sound of the front door closing.

George moved toward the head of the stairs, then stood listening, but the house was silent.

Fanny made a slight noise with her lips to attract his attention, and, when he glanced toward her, shook her head.

At him urgently. "Let her alone," she whispered. "She's down there by herself. Don't go down. Let her alone."

She moved a few steps toward him and halted, her face pallid and awestruck, and then both stood listening for anything that might break the silence downstairs. No sound came to them; that poignant silence was continued throughout long, long minutes, while the two listeners stood there under its mysterious spell; and in its plaintive eloquence—speaking, as it did, of the figure alone in the big, dark library, where dead Wilbur's new silver frame gleamed in the dimness—There was something that checked even George.

Fanny Minafer broke the long silence with a sound from her throat, a stifled gasp; and with that great companion of hers, her handkerchief, retired softly to the loneliness of her own chamber. After she had done George looked about him bleakly, then on tiptoe crossed the hall and went into his own room, which was filled with twilight. Still tiptoeing, though he could not have said why, he went across the room and sat down heavily in a chair facing the window. Outside there was nothing but the darkening air and the wall of the nearest of the new houses. He had not slept at all the night before and he had eaten nothing since the preceding day at lunch, but he felt neither drowsiness nor hunger. His set determination filled him, kept him, but too wide awake, and his gaze at the grayness beyond the window was wide-eyed and bitter.

Darkness had closed in when there was a step in the room behind him. Then someone knelt beside the chair, two arms went round him with infinite compassion, a gentle head rested against his shoulder, and there came the faint scent of apple-blossoms far away.

"You mustn't be troubled darling," his mother whispered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Machine Shapes Masts.

A machine has been built which will shape masts up to 100 feet in length and three feet in diameter. The timber is set up in the machine and revolved at a speed of 50 revolutions a minute, and it is shaped by a cutter head which is electrically driven at the rate of 700 revolutions a minute. This cutter head is mounted on a carriage, which is moved along the timber against a rail set to give the proper profile to the mast. Heretofore this work has been done by hand and required skilled workmen. At best it has been a slow and laborious task.

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Our Woman's Department

This Department is edited by Julia Bottomley, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and Nellie Maxwell, a National authority on Domestic Economy, for the pleasure and profit of the Ladies of Sierra Madre and vicinity. — J. F. Whiting, Editor

The KITCHEN CABINET

Legend tells us of a man who was promised perfect happiness when he could change shirts with the first happy man he met, but when he met the happy man, he did not have a shirt.

DELECTABLE DINNERS.

A beginning for a company dinner which is beautiful to see and as good to eat, besides being easy to prepare, is

Fruit Cocktail.—Cut small balls from the heart of fine colored watermelon, fill stemmed glasses and pour over a sirup of sugar and water boiled to a honey-like consistency and flavored with orange or lemon juice and rind. Let stand until well chilled, serve garnished with a sprig of mint.

Crown Roast of Lamb.—Have the crown roast prepared at the market, having it large enough to hold, when serving, plenty of buttered peas for the number to be served. Wrap the bones carefully while roasting so that they will not be burned, with bits of salt pork; remove when ready to serve. When chestnuts are in season fill with a purée of chestnuts.

New potatoes, small, even sized ones, cooked until tender, rolled in melted butter and sprinkled with parsley are nice to serve with the roast, or potatoes shredded with a vegetable slicer into shoe strings and fried in deep fat may be put around the roast as a garnish.

Head Lettuce with Sherry's Dressing.—Wash the lettuce, drain on a cloth and see that it is perfectly free from water before serving. The dressing should never be placed on lettuce until just ready to serve, as it will wilt the crisp salad vegetables. To prepare the dressing chop one small Spanish onion, add two tablespoons each of green and red pepper, chopped; one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful each of powdered sugar and chopped parsley, a few dashes of cayenne, one quarter cup of vinegar and three-fourths of a cup of olive oil. Put into a Mason jar and shake for five minutes until well blended. Let stand one hour before using, then shake again just as it is ready to serve.

Ginger Ice Cream.—To prepare this ice cream use the usual vanilla cream recipe, taking one tablespoonful of vanilla, one-half cup of Canton ginger cut in small pieces, three tablespoons of the sirup and freeze as usual. Use a sauce of the ginger sirup with chopped ginger if desired or the cream may be plain with the ginger sauce.

Not all on books their criticism waste,
The genius of a dish, some just taste,
And eat their way to fame.

MEAT EXTENDERS AND OTHER GOOD THINGS.

A small portion of meat which flavors a dish will be satisfying, wholesome and economical.

Ragout of Lamb.—Measure the following ingredients: One-half cupful of dried peas, one pound from the flank of lamb, one quart of cold water, two sliced onions, one teaspoonful of salt, three cupfuls of potato cubes, one cupful of carrots, three tablespoonsful of flour, two tablespoonsful of Worcestershire sauce, two teaspoonsful of catsup, two teaspoonsful of lemon juice, two teaspoonsful of chopped parsley, pepper and paprika to taste. Pick over the peas and soak over night in cold water to cover. Wipe the meat, remove bones, cut the meat in small pieces and brown in a frying pan with sliced onions. Cover the bones with one quart of cold water, add the soaked peas, bring to boiling point and add the meat. Cook until the meat and peas are almost tender; add salt, potato cubes and carrot dice, cook until the vegetables are soft. Mix the flour with one-third of a cupful of cold water, add to the mixture, stirring carefully, and cook five minutes. Add Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, parsley and salt and pepper, with paprika to taste. Serve at once.

Roast Beef, Mexican Sauce.—Reheat rare roast beef cut in thin slices in Mexican sauce. Cook one onion, finely chopped, in two tablespoonsful of butter five minutes. Add one red pepper, one green pepper and one clove of garlic, each finely chopped, and two tomatoes peeled and cut in pieces. Cook 15 minutes, add one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one-fourth teaspoonful of celery salt and salt to taste.

The world is mine oyster which I with sword will open.

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS.

Boiling the molasses to be used in cookies or cake makes them taste richer and cut smoother.

Add a tablespoonful of vinegar to a fish while boiling; it improves the flavor and makes it more flaky.

Never smooth mashed potato in the serving dish. It makes it heavy and compact. Heap it lightly into the dish and dot with bits of butter.

Let puddings and pies cool slightly before putting on the meringue; if not, the meringue will be dotted with drops of liquid.

Overcooking will curdle milk as well as cooking milk that has been salted. It is best to add salt after the milk has been removed from the heat.

If a custard has overcooked, pour it into a cold bowl and beat with an egg beater; if this will not make it smooth, strain and use it as a custard sauce.

To decorate cakes for children, frost them, then dip a small brush into melted chocolate or beaten egg yolk, and put on the design or name desired. Any coloring may be used by adding a bit of color to confectioner's sugar and water or milk.

Use stale bread for French toast. Beat one egg, add a half cup of milk or more, one teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of sugar. Cut the bread in narrow strips and dip in the egg on both sides. Fry in a little hot fat.

Codfish Supper Dish.—Pick up a cupful of soaked codfish into flakes. Mix a pint of mashed potato with two eggs and a pint of milk with a tablespoonful of melted butter, salt and pepper. Put into a buttered baking dish and bake a half hour. Serve hot from the baking dish.

When washing spinach, put salt in the first water; it will save several washings.

When creaming butter for a cake, if in a hurry, add a tablespoon or two of hot water to it; the cake will mix much quicker and is fully as fine grained.

There are few of us, who if we really give our minds to it, cannot find time in which to live rightly and by living rightly we live longer and gain increased happiness for ourselves and our fellow-men.—Olive Green.

MORE ABOUT OYSTERS.

The oyster is so well liked by the majority of people and is served so commonly as steaks, cocktails and escalloped dishes that a few other methods of preparing and serving the well-liked shell fish may be welcome.

Oysters with Scrambled Eggs.—This dish is one so appetizing that it should be reserved for the best of friends. Beat six eggs in a deep plate. Cut twelve oysters into small pieces. In a chafin dish, the bottom of which is covered with a thin layer of anchovy paste, melt a tablespoonful of butter; as soon as it is piping hot stir in the eggs. Just before these are done add the oysters, stirring until they are well cooked. When creamy throughout, pour over buttered toast that has been covered with anchovy paste.

Providence Oysters.—Place the oyster liquor in a sauce pan and when boiling drop in a pint of oysters; when the edges curl, remove and add butter, salt and enough cracker crumbs to absorb the liquor; now stir in a beaten egg, add the oysters and serve at once.

A layer of chopped celery added to escalloped oysters is a most tasty flavor which raises the quality of the dish to the unusual.

Oysters a la Fawcett.—Place two dozen oysters in a chafin dish with no liquor, add a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a half cup of apple or orange juice. In another dish cook a quarter of a cup of mushroom liquor with half a cupful each of mushrooms and truffles; cook five minutes, then add the beaten yolks of four eggs and a pint of rich cream. When this is boiling, pour over the oysters which have been cooked just long enough to curl the edges.

Roast Beef, Mexican Sauce.—Reheat rare roast beef cut in thin slices in Mexican sauce. Cook one onion, finely chopped, in two tablespoonsful of butter five minutes. Add one red pepper, one green pepper and one clove of garlic, each finely chopped, and two tomatoes peeled and cut in pieces. Cook 15 minutes, add one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one-fourth teaspoonful of celery salt and salt to taste.

Nellie Maxwell

Coming in Styles in Millinery

Forecast of Materials and Shapes That Will Mark Fall and Winter Hats.

TRIMMED BRIM IS CERTAIN

Will Be Used in Many Ways, Most of Them Charming—High Draped Crowns Sure to Be Another Feature.

While it seems somewhat early in the season to speak with finality of the fall and winter hats, enough new shapes have been displayed to give us some inkling of what is to come, writes Martha Goode Anderson in the New York Sun. For several weeks now we have seen a sweeping range of the felt hats with wide brims and exploited in the palest pastel shades and ornamented with bright and gay wool stitchery. As this wool stitchery is to be so much in evidence throughout the winter not only on hats but on coats, dresses and blouses, it is just as well to consider it seriously and recognize the demand, for it is one of the established facts in winter's coming fashions.

The felt hats of which I am speaking have been used primarily for sport hats with pale-colored sweaters and bright-hued skirts and blouses. We cannot complain of the lack of color during this summer, for as a sort of reaction from the dull and somber hues of the war period our clothes have caught and reflected the most radiant tones of the rainbow and every group has been resplendent in its vivid colors.

The First Showing.

Always at the beginning of every season it seems as if the first showing of millinery included only the wide-brimmed and large hats. This is inevitable so for the spring and summer, as we find ourselves preparing for the hot days when the sun is blinding and we need some sort of protection for eyes and skin. Just why it should be for fall and winter, however, I do not know unless the idea is to display first the dressy hat, as most women go on the principle that having invested in a smart and very good hat almost anything will do for every day. I do not present this idea as conclusive by any means, but it may be one of the reasons why we are shown so few of the small and simple every-day sort of hat and most of the newest shapes are of the splendid velvet picture hats.

Paradise feathers are predominating as trimming. They sweep down, but not up as heretofore, and thick sprays are used more than the single feathers we have seen so much of in recent times. Black paradise is really lovely and so expensive that it need not be disdained by even the most exacting and conservative.

One of the newest shapes which is neither large nor small in size is the round turban with the draped and heavy brim. This is not an easy shape to wear, as it is apt to look very heavy so close to the face. However, it is really very splendid, for it is developed in the rarest and richest of brocades, heavily embroidered in gold and silver and resplendent in a mingling of colors entrancing to see.

The crowns of these wide draped turbans are of velvet or duvetyne as the case may be and are entirely untrimmed, as the present indication in the matter of trimming is seen in the draping of the brim. Where feathers are used they sweep down close to the face, even resting almost under the chin in a soft curve. This way of placing the paradise is an old, old one.

Something New in Lingerie

Old-Fashioned Striped Silk Makes Charming Undergarments—Ideas Quite Easy to Carry Out.

Decidedly unusual is lingerie made of old-fashioned striped silk—just the sort of easily laundered soft silk of which little girls' dresses used to be made long ago.

Cool French blue and white pencil striped silk formed a quaint, attractive nightgown and chemise set designed and made by a recent bride for her trousseau.

Both garments were severely plain, depending almost entirely on the novelty of the material for their charm. A plain band with stripes running horizontally finished the top of both chemise and gown with straight bands of the silk for shoulder straps. A butterfly bow of the silk was fastened on the front of each garment.

Gingham pin-checked silk could be used instead of the striped, if preferred, a bargain remnant or a discarded summer frock offering possibilities for copying these delightfully different pieces at little or no cost.

borrowed, doubtless, from portraits of great ladies of some hundred or more years ago. It is in distinct contrast to the upstanding and jaunty aigrette which showered in a little fountain of fronds high in the air so much used formerly.

The trimmed brim is used in many ways, as we shall see as the season advances. Single flowers of velvet are being used in flat masses around the wide brims which turn up and away from the face saucer fashion. These hats are not so elaborate and dressy as the picture hats of velvet and paradise, but they are suitable for morning wear and make a trim finish for the shopping dress worn with smart veils and furs.

One of the simplest is exploited in a midnight-blue velvet in the saucer shape with upturned brim. Around the crown is placed a circle of loops made of heaviest blue silk floss in a lighter shade. These loops are used to imitate ostrich fronds, which are also much in evidence as a winter trimming. At one side of this model is placed a large rosette of the loops of the silk floss and an edge of the same finishes the brim around the face.

Another treatment of this upturned brim is seen in the wide sailor shape which has a flaring brim across the front of the hat, giving something of a three-cornered effect seen from the front. This is particularly suited to young faces and youthful types.

The flaring brim is often thickly studded with tiny steel beads or dotted with knots of silk in the kind we call French knots, meaning a tiny dot of the silken thread made by wrapping it twice around the needle and pulling through to the under side. The effect is that of silken beads. As this is often done in contrasting colors it makes a most effective trimming.

Because of the great demand for hats of soft materials, such as duvetyne and velours and velvet, and because of the increasing cost of these soft and beautiful fabrics, the price is continually mounting, especially as so much of the trimming used this year is done by hand and is really hand embroidery. One of the favorite effects is seen in the use of simple blossoms, such as nasturtiums, single petaled roses and kindred blooms done in outline around crown and brim.

High Draped Crowns.

The high draped crowns are again seen. Sometimes they point up almost a foot above the brim and are draped in a series of folds which keeps them from being awkward and very ugly, as they so easily could be. Of course the brims which accompany these high draped crowns must be wide enough to set them off successfully and prevent a topheavy look. Among the new trimmings are seen much glycerined ostrich feather banding. This sort of treatment of the feathers makes them shiny and glossy. The fronds are placed singly along a narrow band to hold them and are used thus against the brim in a width sufficient to entirely cover the brim and extend slightly beyond.

A new shade is called nasturtium yellow and is as vivid as it can possibly be and very smart when made up in an untrimmed velvet hat rolling as to brim and crown too. These untrimmed hats are quite new, as they have an air entirely all their own and seem to be most elaborate when absolutely untrimmed. This effect is achieved by a clever draping of the velvet, as in one instance the velvet is so arranged that it seems to make a fold over the crown and is folded in over the brim in a double effect which is different from more ordinary arrangements.

BOY SCOUTS



(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

TO ASSISTANT SCOUTMASTERS

Chief Scout Executive James E. West sends this word to the almost 18,000 assistant scoutmasters of boy scout troops:

"Your rank and opportunity is one to excite envy. Your job is what you make it and your troop is largely up to you. The chance for the boy scout movement to be serving a million boy members by next birthday rests with you. If anyone else brings about the million, that someone will have stepped in and picked up your opportunity.

"Does this seem strange? A typographical error, putting in the word assistant? Then consider the lieutenant in the great war.

"We think of you as the man with youth and physical vitality enough to carry on and carry through to success the plans of your chief.

"To us you are the man, the only man, who can say, 'Boys, Mr. Scoutmaster would be greatly pleased if we rolled our packs and put our camp site in perfect order right after dinner—he would enjoy our afternoon tests and games and swim, himself, if he didn't have that cloud hanging over him, of asking you to police this spot at 5 p. m. We owe him a good time. That's a boy. You'll be done in ten minutes at the rate you're doing it.

"You are between the boy and the ultimate authority; and your word of encouragement and your sympathy when scouts are in wrong can be one of the truly great factors in the troop's success."

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.

Service!
A good turn every day!

That's scouting's heart and soul,
Its brain and brawn.
A good turn every day—
Not for pay,
Not by rule,
But from love—
Boyhood's boyish, manly love,
Boyhood's deathless love,
Selfish love—
Of Good for Good's sake.

Rich boy, poor boy,
Boy of city, boy of town,
Boys of every real boy land,
This hemisphere, and that—
Scouting binds them all.
In service, service, service,
Day after day, day after day,
Work service, play service,
Growing, growing,
Manlier every hour,
Soon to be full men,
Full heart, full mind,
Full body, full soul,
To the Rooseveltian utmost:
Men to the last drop of red blood,
To the last nerve twinkle,
To the last heart flutter,
Men, yet forever-boys,
Men with virile boyishness
Of boy scouts.

Prepared!
Prepared for life!
For the merry seriousness of it,
The fun play fight of it,
The thrilling carrying on of it,
Boy life, man life,
Welded.

Prepared!
Prepared for death!
The smiling calm of it,
The certain crown of it,
The onward, upward, living faith of it

Stanchness!
Stanch, hand in hand,
Shoulder to shoulder,
Heart with heart,
Living and helping to live,
Living close to nature's heart,
Helping bird, helping beast,
All God's creatures!
Every man, every woman.

Boy scouts, big and little,
Boy-men, yet just boys!
—Edward Branch Lyman, in New York Sun.

SCOUTS FURNISH GOOD BLOOD.

For some time Boy Scouts Alex Hogan, Douglas Peck, Frank Hampshire, Arthur Bohn and Frank Smith, members of the boy scout organization in Salt Lake City, have been going to the hospital twice a week to give their blood to rejuvenate an injured man.

In an effort to save the life of Frank Adkin, who was taken to the hospital after receiving serious injuries when a piano fell on him during a fire, the Salt Lake City boy scouts council was asked to furnish boys to have their blood transfused into the veins of the injured man.

Dr. Clarence Snow of the hospital, in an effort to obtain non-smokers and non-alcohol users for this purpose, turned to the scouts for co-operation. Although Mr. Adkin is in a serious condition, he has been improving rapidly and is expected to fully recover.

The blood was furnished at the rate of a pint every other day for several days.

SCOUT DOINGS.

The scouts of a troop in Colony, Kan., did their good turn by delivering papers on account of accident to or sickness of newboys.

Cleveland (N. Y.) scouts put out three fires, cleaned the village pond and helped get an automobile out of the lake.

Wisconsin Boy Scouts are hunting fresh-water pearls. They will go into camp and hunt for pearl mussels while wading barefoot in the shoal waters or will drag for them from boats.

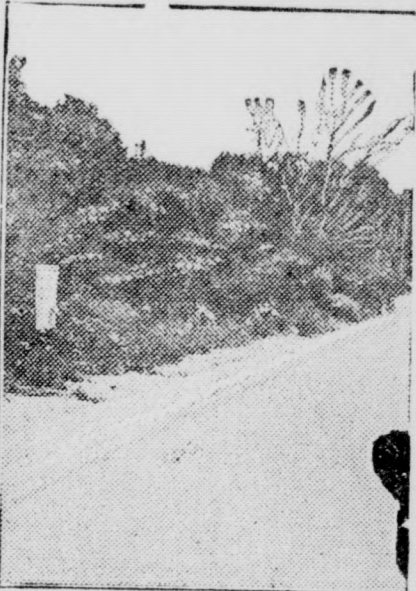
GOOD ROADS

KEEP ROADS IN GOOD REPAIR

Concrete or Special Road Brick Set in Cement Over Concrete Foundation is Favored.

The war and the consequent railroad congestion imposed heavy traffic burdens upon our highways; burdens, in fact, much greater than the roads were built to sustain. To make matters still worse, labor and repair materials were scarce during the war, and many roads as a result are now in deplorable condition. As the preacher would say, they are "more holy than righteous."

The year 1919 is going to witness an immense road repair movement. And the work should be at least fairly permanent. Merely throwing dirt or



Experiment Road of Vitrified Brick for Paving Country Roads at Chevy Chase, Md.—Finished Pavement in Service.

loose stones in the holes is a sheer waste of time, because after a few automobiles and trucks go over the roads these loose materials are pushed out again and conditions are as bad as ever.

Broken stones and tar binder are the only satisfactory repair materials for macadam roads, and many improved country roads are of that type. It is beginning to be realized that concrete or special road brick set in cement over a concrete foundation must be used for truck roads designed to carry heavy truck traffic. Anything cheaper and less stable simply means bad roads and constant repairs.

For laterals or main roads in sparsely settled countries where traffic is not heavy and when the amount available for road construction is not large, tar macadam highways are quite satisfactory.

PLAN HONOR TO ROOSEVELT

Suggestions Have Been Made to Name Transcontinental Highway After Former President.

Memorials to the dead and tributes to the living in the form of highways is a plan which is catching the popular fancy everywhere. Since France christened a street in honor of Wilson, Tientsin, China, has done the same thing, and elsewhere suggestions have been made that a transcontinental highway be named in honor of Roosevelt. Louisiana is planning a Victory oak way and sentiment is reflected by movements to rename streets and highways after heroes of the war in other states.

DURABLE ROAD SAVES MONEY

Saving of Eight Cents Per Ton Mile Can Be Effectuated in Transportation Costs Alone.

The report of the joint congressional committee which investigated highway economics in 1914 shows that a saving of eight cents per ton mile can be effected in transportation costs when a road is lifted from the dirt to the durable class. This does not take into account increased real estate valuations or social advantages resulting from the improvement.

IMPROVE ROADS FOR TRUCKS

Bureau of Markets Arrives at Conclusion Motor Vehicles Have Passed Experimental Stage.

Inadequate highways are one of the penalties with which the user of highway transportation must contend, says Bulletin No. 770, recently issued by the bureau of markets. The department arrives at the conclusion that the motortruck has passed the experimental stage, but says that before it can attain its fullest usefulness the highways must be improved.

Good Drainage Necessary.
The most necessary requirement of a good road is a solid, bone-dry foundation. This means good drainage first, last and all the time.

Trees Along Highways.
Trees at a distance of 50 or 60 feet apart along the highway add to its comfort and pleasing appearance.

Makes Hauling Easy.
Easy to town, and easy to ride, make a farmer's hauling and loads fairly glide.

Jewelry and Repairing

—a full line of LA TAUSCA PEARL NECKLACES—from \$3.50 up to the "DIAMOND OPERA," \$20.00. Highest cash price paid for old gold, silver and diamonds.

Leave orders for piano tuning. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Monrovia Laundry Co.

LAUNDERERS AND DRY CLEANERS

Men's Suits \$1.20

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Agents of this company, upon request, will provide you with folders descriptive of any of the beautiful, healthful resorts of the San Bernardino Mountains.

They will ascertain for you without cost whether accommodations are available at any of them and at what cost.

They will advise you and assist you in shipping your own camp outfit to any point accessible in the mountains, and arrange for its return to your home destination after your vacation.

They will arrange all your transportation details gladly so that every feature of the journey may so far as possible be pleasant and your stay among the great trees of our own mountains the happiest days of your lives. Call upon them freely.

Pacific Electric Railway

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The NEWS - Job Printing

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE.

Sheriff's Sale

No. B75947

Order of Sale and Decree of
Foreclosure and Sale.

Lydia M. Webster, Plaintiff,

vs.

Julius A. Potter, et al, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 27 day of September A. D. 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein Lydia M. Webster, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgement and decree of foreclosure and sale against Julius A. Potter, et al, defendants on the 16 day of September A. D. 1919, for the sum of Thirteen hundred sixty eight and 45-100 (\$1368.45) Dollars gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 23 day of September A. D. 1919, recorded in Judgement Book 445 of said Court, at page 311, I am commanded to sell all those certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city of Sierra Madre, County of Los Angeles, State of California and bounded and described as follows: Lots twenty-five (25) and twenty six (26) of the Re-subdivision of a part of L. L. Ferry's Subdivision of the central portion of lot fourteen (14) of the Sierra Madre Tract as per map recorded in Book 66 page 71 miscellaneous records of said county.

Together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Public Notice is hereby Given, That, on Monday, the 3rd day of November, A. D. 1919, at 12 o'clock, M. of that day, in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs etc., to the highest and best bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States. Dated this 9th day of October, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
Slossen & Mitchell,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

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* fuel for your furnace. Let the
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OPEN THE DOOR



DISTRIBUTION OF 15,000,000 HAND GRENADES STOPS

War Department Cancels
Contract to Supply Treas-
ury With Bombs

San Francisco—The War Department has refused to proceed with the delivery of 15,000,000 hand grenades to the Treasury Department for conversion into savings banks to stimulate thrift and the sales of War Savings Stamps, according to a telegram received by C. A. Farnsworth, associate director of the War Loan Organization of the Twelfth Federal Reserve District. A contract which the Treasury Department had with the War Department was cancelled.

The grenades, filled with TNT, were ready for shipment to American Expeditionary Forces when the armistice was signed. The plan of the Treasury Department was to convert these grenades into savings banks by removing the explosive and to offer them as souvenirs of the war to purchasers of War Savings Certificates of the 1919 series. The plan met with instantaneous success throughout the country, millions of them having been ordered. They were to be awarded through banks and trust companies which in the Twelfth Federal Reserve District alone ordered nearly 100,000 of them. These orders will all have to be cancelled.

"To say that I am disappointed in putting it lightly," said Farnsworth. "The demand for the grenades was tremendous, which proved that they were an excellent means of stimulating the habit of saving and investment in government securities. Moreover, they were the best possible souvenirs of the war. However, a Certificate of Achievement to be signed by Secretary Glass will be given instead of the grenades to the person who would be entitled to a grenade."

W. S. S.

THE FRUGAL

"It is the thrifty and frugal who are the backbone of the nation. It is they who supply its funds. It is they upon whom rests its credit. It is they who are not dependent upon society. It is they who support all its institutions, particularly its charitable ones. It is they who are not haunted by the grim spectre of want throughout their lives. It is they who are forming habits of self-sacrifice and providence. And further, it is they who, as a rule, are the happy persons. * * * It is the thrifty who have enjoyment because they can afford it, and enjoyment unhampered by the fear of want tomorrow. It is the thrifty who are happier in the present because not fearful of the future—the saving, frugal, insured classes of the country. It is the thrifty who can afford to give their time to public matters, because not tied down to the actual needs of the day. And further it is the thrifty who, by habits of self-sacrifice and foresight and frugality are building the character that made the nation great when it was young and that alone can keep the nation great. A man or a nation is worth what he saves and not what he spends."—Edward A. Woods.

The United States Government sells War Savings Stamps to give everyman everywoman, everychild the chance to save. A Thrift Stamp costs 25 cents. A \$5 War Savings Stamp costs \$42 this month. Buy one at the post office Get started.

W. S. S.

Thrift prompts to industry and encourages self-reliance. Buy W. S. S.

The Sobering Bundle By Walt Mason.

When you have a bunch of boodle in the bank just up the pike, you'll stand up for Yankee Doodle, law and order and the like. Then no creed of devastation, such as Russian outlaws shriek, will receive your confirmation—you'll denounce it like a streak. When a man is broke and busted, with no package laid away, he is evermore disgusted with the laws we all obey. He would see our courts all leveled, and the Judges on the rack, and the plutocrats bedevilled till they gave up all their stack. He would see all things upended, Justice he would render mute; then his chances would be splendid to accumulate some loot. I have seen some agitators stirring up the people's souls, and they all wore cast-off gaiters and their pants were full of holes. And they said their chains were clanking, as they damned the plutocrat; if they'd only do some banking they would soon get over that. I have heard the spouters thrifless putting up their weary song; I have heard the weak and shiftless saying everything is wrong. But the man who saves his money thinks the Russian creed absurd, and he thinks it beastly funny that so many yawns are heard.—Copyright, 1919. (By permission.)

Walt Mason buys War Savings Stamps. Do you?

W. S. S.

BUYING WISHES

"The man who buys only what he needs, and when he needs it, would neither sustain a 'marked down sale' nor a marked up one. He would apply the law of demand according to its ultimate power, and the level of supply and demand would sooner be reached. It follows that as long as people keep on paying high prices, because they think they must have 'better living conditions' and still better, and buy because of a wish rather than a legitimate want, prices will remain abnormally high. * * * The consumer does know at all times what he can 'make do,' what he can and ought to pay for a necessary article, and if he lives up to the law of economy and necessity, he exercises the power of demand upon price to an appreciable extent and helps to lower the cost of living. Primarily goods are made to use and not to sell. And when a people will not use them they will not sell; when they will not sell they come down in price or go out of existence. * * * To use a canting phrase, much of our present-day trouble is due to the fact that 'we want what we want when we want it.' The truth is we have 'cut loose' from our wartime moorings in economy. * * * But the effects of this great war are not over. If we resume in having everything we want, the other resumption must wait. An ounce of economy is worth a pound in price. Less railing and more working, less spending and more saving would go far toward reducing the high cost of living." Commercial and Financial Chronicle.

A Thrift Stamp is an ounce of economy. A War Savings Stamp is a pound of the same stuff. Get it through your head that high wages won't bring better times unless you save part of them. Save and invest with Uncle Sam.

W. S. S.

There are 1,200,000 children attending grammar school in the seven states of the Twelfth Federal Reserve District. Figure it out yourself what they alone would save in a year if they each bought one \$5 War Savings Stamp each month.

W. S. S.

Thrift prompts to industry and encourages self-reliance. Buy W. S. S.

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